



THE NEW YORK



# DRAMATIC MIRROR

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## NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

MRS. LANGTRY'S LADY MACBETH. AN INTELLIGENT AND PICTURESQUE PERFORMANCE. THE CHARACTER AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE ANALYZED BY THE CRITIC. NATURALISM THE NOTABLE PECULIARITY OF THE PRESENT INTERPRETATION. COGHILAN'S SCHOLARLY WORK AS THE INTROSPECTIVE THANE.

Mrs. Langtry won her purely woman's triumph in Macbeth very much as she had won her other woman's triumphs—not so much by extraordinary histrionic force as by mild adaptability, careful study and an intelligent and picturesque efficacy. The affair surprised everybody by its general excellence, not by its particular brilliancy.

Mrs. Langtry did not attempt to re-create the role of Lady Macbeth. She cannot be called an innovator. She accepted the main traditions of the role and tried to make her as Shakespeare intended she should be made, a woman of tremendous will power and of small and somewhat obtuse sensibilities. She is the exact antithesis of Cleopatra, who is all sensibility and destitute of will. A great many Shakespearean commentators in writing about Lady Macbeth have thought it sufficient to point out that ambition is the propelling force of the character and the play. This, although it is accepted by so careful a writer as Mary Cowden Clarke, always struck me as very shallow and utterly destitute of the ethical value that a critic like Ulrici demands. For ambition may be good or bad. I suppose St. Paul was as ambitious as Caesar, but there was no point of resemblance between them. A man may be kindly ambitious to gain spiritual or to secure political power.

No. The significance lies deeper than this, and is to be found in the elemental fact that Lady Macbeth is a woman in whom the volition is a tyrant, reckless, dominant, unscrupulous, overriding her conscience, her sensibilities and her superstition. Her motor force is tremendous. Cleopatra has little or none. Lady Macbeth's purpose, even when bad, is majestic in evil and dominates her husband. Her arguments to him are specious and sophistical, but the force of her determination wins him and makes him cry out in praise of her "undaunted mettle."

As if to show that this is the purpose, Shakespeare makes her husband a man of sensibility, with moral qualms and tremors and hallucinations. His active fancy paints penalties and consequences that she never sees. Like all hyper-sensitive organizations, he cannot, at times, distinguish between the objective and the subjective. Very early in his career of crime he sees a dagger in the air, and later he peoples the room with mocking ghosts. There is always a rugged contempt in Lady Macbeth's disposition for his dis-tempered mind.

It is this stalwart and determined woman that Mrs. Langtry tried to impersonate. When we consider that all this is as foreign as possible to what we know of the actress, it must be conceded that she did not depend upon any natural fitness or accidental bias in assuming the role. She had to imagine the thing and do it out of her own compelling fancy. It was therefore generally conceded that she had shown much skill and strength in holding a large and critical audience for three hours in close and respectful attention while she made this effort.

The chief and notable peculiarity of the performance, on her part was what we now call "naturalism." Much of Lady Macbeth was presented with a French tone of subdued realism that was almost colloquial. It was divested of the high-stepping, tragic histrionism of the old school. The empiricism of ancient declamation was at times wholly disregarded. She read the letter very much as any intensely interested woman would have read it, without enforced gesture or grimace or exaggeration; but with an earnest purpose, a deep significance and a mental strain apparent in her manner. So also the sleep-walking scene.

I think it may be said that all the great Lady Macbeths rose to poetic heights of eloquence at times that transcended the naturalism of life. Mrs. Langtry never did. She drew a certain and discreet line, with a clear knowledge of her own limitations, beyond which she did not attempt to pass. In so far as she did this Lady Macbeth was taken out of the region of tragic poetry and put upon

the plane of human conduct. What it lost in dramatic perspective and majestic proportions it gained in human sympathy. It was no longer a mythical goddess of the Nibelungen order, but a comprehensible woman. There was a quiet efficacy to the letter scene that gave the keynote to the play. When it was over there was a sense of relief in the audience. Could that sense of relief have found immediate expression in words it would have been something like this: "She isn't going to fail, whatever else she does. Whether she knows all the depths of Lady Macbeth or not it is evident that she knows herself thoroughly."

Naturalism on the stage seeks with a French taste to make the ensemble and not the individual perfect. Its purpose is to present the play in its entirety so that the illusion carries you with it. This system is directly opposed to the star's individuality of our stage in which everything is subordinated to one person. The merit of Mrs. Langtry's production was shown here, inasmuch as the familiar drama received a new interest by the preservation of the supernatural awe of the great scenes; by the relegation of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth to their proper place and relationship in the group; by the atmosphere of mystery, terror, quiet, that enshrouded the episodes; by the enhancement of details.

Macbeth, to put it flatly, was not "monkeyed." There was no attempt to make scenery or machinery do what the human personages were expected to do. There was no real water. The most real things about the play were the people in it. The cold, gloomy air of a castle, with its links stuck in the wall and its resounding corridors, took us back to a barbarous time. The rude clank carried out the illusion, without pretension of dress or spectacular innovation. Once only in the play did the merely theatrical attempt threaten to override and ruin the dramatic incident, and that was when the murder of Duncan is discovered, and a procession of monks entered chanting a death song while Macbeth was speaking. This gave rise to the joke that I heard, and which was to the effect that the monks must have had a hand in the murder, and sat up all night so as to be at the ceremony.

Of Mr. Charles Coghlan's Macbeth I find it difficult to write with exact justice, its merits and its weaknesses were so blended. When you recollect that this admirable actor is without that far-away romanticism that fits Kyrle Bellew so gracefully; that he is singularly deficient in that swing of action and muscular aplomb, if I may be permitted to use such a phrase, that delight the eye in actors of less brain, you can see that his Macbeth would be less the warrior in step and mien and alertness than the moody, slow pacing, reflective chief. He made the role rhetorical rather than mimetic. I never heard the dagger soliloquy made such a reasonable soliloquy. I never heard it so barren of color and dramatic climax. He did not believe that a man would go into a paroxysm when alone and when his reason told him he was the victim of an hallucination.

Mr. Coghlan speaks so deliberately and with such a precise knowledge of what he meant each line to convey that some of his tumultuous speeches dragged and were almost monotonous. But it can not be denied that in this dagger scene and in the address to Banquo's shade he made the thought as incisive and as clear as it was possible to make it. What was needed was not intelligence but that indescribable something which puts a vital thrill into thought and transmutes with divine efficacy the emotion into motion.

Mr. Coghlan always impresses you when on the stage with the air of the study. His unconscious constriction is that of the student; he pores over the idea. Another man with less insight would put it into curves and let it translate itself. His Macbeth for this reason was curiously unlike a wild warrior, ready at any time to meet the Hyrcan tiger. His head was reflectively bent; his step was considered; he never overcame the speculation of the mystic. His conscience made him a trifle craven at times. His quiet robbed him of the bravado of a semi-barbarous chieftain. He had neither the clang nor the sword arm of a fighter.

But despite this how clear, how exact, how full of meaning were his words! He was continually taking you past the fighting animals to the mental suffering of the man.

Whenever he failed to win the sympathy of

the mere theatregoer he was winning the respect of the thoughtful Shakespearean student.

Our old friend Mr. Joe Wheelock, who played Macduff, was met at once with popular applause. We all know what a catchy part Macduff is, and we all know how clever Joe Wheelock is in outbursts of emotion. Almost any good actor is sure of his gallery when he plays Mercutio or Macduff. I think Mr. Frederick Warde jumped into popular esteem in this country with the vaulting pole of Macduff, and how many men, from Ned Adams down, live in your recollection because their wounds were not as wide as a church door, but the public insisted that they would do.

Mr. Joe Wheelock has played Macbeth and played it well. It is sheer supererogation to say he played Macduff well.

What remains to be said is that the whole piece was excellently cast. Mr. John Malone was a notable and stirring Banquo. The clear, ringing tones of his voice are worth going to hear. But care and sagacity were discernible in the whole *dramatis persona*, down to the witches whose business had been properly reduced to a minimum, and the play relieved of what at the best is only mummery to the modern sense.

I believe that most of the honest observers of the performance will agree with me that it was, considered as a whole, a very worthy one, and we therefore have to commend both Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Coghlan for a high endeavor and for conscientious labor, both of which are stage needs now and always.

Of course neither Mrs. Langtry's, nor Mrs. Potter's, nor Mrs. Siddons' performance of Lady Macbeth has any living chance against the brass standard that some dogmatists take to the theatres with them. If you put a pen in the hand of a car conductor and label him dramatic critic, he will be very apt to mangle down a column about the distinguished women who were in the boxes and despatch the interpretation with an "Oh, it won't do, you know—wasn't the thing at all."

All this presupposes that he carries the proper thing with him. It presupposes that there is a definite, ineradicable, clearly surveyed, unalterable and minutely fixed proper thing, and he is the guardian of it.

Which shows him to be an ass.

There isn't a Shakespearean character extant that is so fixed. They are not gunmetal castings. They are ductile transcripts of human nature, that can be made to blow and gleam and burn newly in new directions. Like the great essential truth of religion and morality they fit different conditions. Fletcher's Hamlet was no more like Booth's Hamlet than a hurrah is like a hallelujah, but it is the everlasting glory of Hamlet that it has a romantic side as well as a philosophic side. Clara Morris once played Lady Macbeth and all at once the sleep-walking scene flared up with a mystic somnambulistic splendor that I never saw before or since.

Your car driver never detected this. He said it wouldn't do, because he took his six-inch spirit level with him and decided for all time that the thing wasn't plumb.

The cock-a-hoop imbecile, who decided that Von Bulow couldn't play Chopin because he didn't play Chopin like Rubinstein, would be very apt to say that Langtry is no good because he had seen Margaret Mather play Lady Macbeth.

What do you mean when you say an actress "interpreted" a part?

How the deuce can she interpret it if it isn't susceptible to new meanings? You don't interpret the time of day or a jug of milk or a two-foot rule.

Dreams are the things you interpret, and we are such stuff as dreams are made of. Every new human being who brings intelligence, feeling and temperament to Shakespeare, brings a new interpretation, and we hail the new intelligence just as we hail the new eloquence of a preacher who has the old religion to expound.

Take away this shallow, pig-headed critic who thinks it is an impertinence for anybody to try newly, and wants all the Lady Macbeths cast in the same matrix and white-washed with the same old brush.

NYM CRINKLE.

KATHRYN KIDDER has not accepted Wilson Barrett's offer to act in his support next season, which was cabled from England, having been forced to decline through circumstances beyond her control.

## MADAME DOLARO'S NOVEL.

All those of us who remember Selina Dolaro in the days not long past, when her Oriental beauty enthralled and enchanted—when she purred in the warmth and glitter of the footlights, and cast the languorous spell of her Southern grace and velvet voice over her subjects in the realm of opera comique—cannot see her now as she makes her fight against disease and adverse fortune without a sharp pang of regret and a wave of sympathy and admiration. It is a desperate fight, but she makes it bravely and asks no odds, either.

Her disease is incurable, and she knows it. She may live one year or five—she may not live a month or a week. "I like living as much as anybody else does," she says. "While there's breath in my body and the blood runs in my veins I shall enjoy the happiness of being."

On fair days Madame Dolaro emerges into the street and slowly toils to the lairs of managers and stars who may, perhaps, be wanting a play. She has several, some written before and one or two since her illness. One in especial is highly commended as a piece possessing the requisites of popular and artistic success, and showing throughout, in a marked degree, evidences of the keen mentality and the exceptional knowledge of stagecraft for which the author is noted. Once or twice it has come near to acceptance and production at one of our stock theatres, but "previous arrangements" or something or other interfered and the manuscript is still in her hands.

But these periodical sorties after a customer, which we have referred to, are usually followed by long terms of imprisonment in the house, for which the weather clerk is responsible, and during which Dolaro does not sink into a condition of blank despair, as many another probably would. On the contrary, these periods are sweetened by the birth of new plans, resolves and hopes, and when she gets out again it is with an extraordinarily plucky and cheerful state of mind.

Last Summer Madame Dolaro put one of the strongest and most original of her plays into the form of a novel. The work occupied a good deal of time and labor, but her diligence was rewarded by the opinion of some sound literary people that she had turned out a capital story. Later on the manuscript was submitted to Colonel Cockerill, managing editor of the *World*, who approved and agreed to purchase it for a good round sum. At that time the *World* was reprinting a complete novel in each Sunday issue, and Cockerill was favorably impressed with the idea of bringing out something which should be new and original, as an experiment. Having thus been accepted for publication it was left in his keeping.

Soon after, wishing to make a few trifling alterations in the story, Madame Dolaro visited the *World* office and asked for her manuscript. Search made in the receptacle to which it had been consigned revealed a somewhat startling fact—it was missing! All hands began a systematic hunt; but, although every possible hiding-place was thoroughly ransacked, the manuscript could not be found. How it disappeared and what became of it is still an unfathomable mystery, as the *World* does not keep an office cat.

This misfortune was enough to crush the spirits of any woman similarly placed, but Madame Dolaro put a characteristically good face on the matter. Having no duplicate copy, she started in immediately to write the novel afresh—to go over the old ground and restore 60,000 lost words! Even J. M. Hill could not cite a more striking instance of cheerful, imperturbable equanimity. The rather ungrateful task was completed a few weeks ago. Good fortune has speedily crowned the work. The editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* read it and bought it at once, paying a larger price than the *World* had agreed to give.

This is the strange, eventful history of "Bella Demonia"—that is the title of Madame Dolaro's novel—which will appear in *Lippincott's* for March.

The story is said to be Ouidaesque. It may prove another "Quick or the Dead?" It would be the very irony of fate if one who has toiled like a Trojan and met with countless rebuffs and disappointments should strike a trump when the game is nearly played out.



## THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

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•• The Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

### IMPROVEMENTS.

ON relinquishing that which is associated with years of endeavor and which is endeared by hosts of pleasant memories a feeling naturally arises that is not altogether unlike sadness. The soldier who lays aside the battered sword that has befriended him in many battles; the sculptor who replaces the chisel beneath whose subtle edge his divine fancies have assumed form; the painter who throws away the stubs of brushes that transferred his genius to the canvas; the actor who casts off the threadbare dress that garbed him in his first triumph—all these feel the same sentiment that we feel in dispensing with our old typographical habiliments—in retiring the leaden messengers of thought and chronicles of events that have carried, week by week, the story of the seasons to thousands of expectant eyes. And awkward, unwieldy and inconvenient as the former size and arrangement of the pages unquestionably was, it yet had so intimate an association with the first eventful decade of this journal's life that there clings to it, too, a kindly, tender sentiment which only those who have watched and nurtured something on which affection and ambition alike centre can adequately appreciate.

But sentiment must give way before the practical needs and progressive demands entailed by steady development and ever widening scope. The extensive changes and improvements which go into effect this week constitute an advancement which is rendered necessary by the increasing importance of the particular and special branch of American journalism occupied by THE MIRROR—now and henceforth THE DRAMATIC MIRROR. The fact that it is the only paper in this metropolis primarily and exclusively devoted to the stage, and that it is the only paper in this country published solely in the interests of and supported by the theatrical profession, has not caused us to relax our efforts to make it in every respect worthy of its unique and undisputed footing.

The titular alteration is made in order that the paper shall be identified as closely in name as it is in fact with the art and the business to which it is devoted. The adoption of the new design in which it is presented was due to the desire to give the paper a more appropriate and characteristic heading. The reduction of the pages to their present size and the permanent increase of their number from twelve to sixteen combines convenience with added capacity, as is easily seen. As THE DRAMATIC MIRROR appears to-day, it contains a greater volume of reading matter than could be gotten into it in the discarded form. This extra roomage will be utilized in extending the out-of-town correspondence, a large number of correspondents having been added to the old corps of five hundred alert reporters; to rendering the weekly summary of the local field more complete; to the publishing from time to time certain special articles on pertinent topics by distinguished dramatic writers, and to the establishment of valuable new departments. All this will be done without curtailing the

noted and popular features which have been hitherto conspicuous in its pages.

The omission of the old-fashioned style of portraits which formerly appeared on the first page will probably not be regretted or regarded as a serious loss. They have been discontinued because they are hackneyed and possessed neither of artistic merit nor attractiveness. The public and the profession have been nauseated with wood and process engravings of the ordinary stamp by their excessive use in every class of newspaper. Something novel and meritorious is needed in this line and we are making preparations to furnish it shortly, for it must not be supposed because we have given up the old feature that we mean to abandon pictorial embellishments altogether. They will be more numerous than before—only decidedly better. In this connection we may say, by way of stimulating anticipation, that arrangements are at this moment in progress for the publication at an early date of a certain series of illustrations which will assuredly command attention by reason of its excellence and originality. There are other important departures from the beaten track progressing, which, we believe, are destined to enhance the paper's utility and attractiveness, and to augment its reputation for liberality, enterprise and fertility of resource. One of these, which will speedily transpire, is aimed to practically and pecuniarily benefit professionals generally.

Commendation of the handsome dress of new type with which we have provided THE DRAMATIC MIRROR may safely be left to our readers. The body type was selected for its exceptional clearness and beauty, while the most capacious and hard-to-suit constructor of ornate or difficult advertising copy will find the equipment in that department of the establishment equal to every demand.

### THE NEW DRAMATIC CULT.

THOSE rival Shakespearean decorators and furnishers, IAVING, ANDERSON, POTTER and LANGTRY are filling the public eye pretty successfully just now. Their method of getting to work is obvious, and yet, although we are becoming somewhat inured to it, its audacity diminishes not a whit.

Mr. IAVING began it. He argued that when an actor cannot draw by his genius, he can put himself amid surroundings that will draw. And so the archaeologists and commentators and painters and carpenters were set to work to produce a pictorial ensemble which should be so fine that the public would not see anything else. The scheme worked. There were found untold thousands that would overlook histrionic deficiency if the scenery possessed the required tone and feeling and the lime-lights were well managed.

The agency of Mr. IAVING's process of rehabilitating SHAKESPEARE impressed Sister ANDERSON and resulted in the cognate efforts which have distinguished her professional career since she first left these, her native shores and found in merrie England an atmosphere better suited to her tastes and inclinations. To show her proud countrymen how much she had advanced along the line of the new fad, she brought us over a revised version of *The Winter's Tale*, with a rare set of costumes and a pastoral dance that threw the town into ecstasy. But Mrs. POTTER's Louisiana soul burned to outdo the achievement of her blue-grass compatriot. She succeeded. She hung Antony and Cleopatra with provocative gauze and dazzling jewels; she filled it with incense and filagree with archaic detail. She demonstrated, more forcibly than Mr. IAVING and Miss ANDERSON ever did, that lavish expenditure and sensational adjuncts will produce a greater monetary reward in the Shakespearean field of operation than histrionic genius and ripe scholarship. And now Mrs. LANGTRY has her confident fling at the defenseless Bard, giving us *Macbeth à grands frais*.

SHAKESPEARE legitimately produced, with capable actors, formerly spelled ruin. Under the new *régime* of scenic and costume fuss and feathers it spells something quite the opposite. There is only one satisfactory result connected with the nascent cult. So long as frocks and furbelows and paint and canvas continue to make dramatic mediocrity acceptable to the public fancy, the Master's works will not fall into a condition of innocuous or any other sort of desuetude. No one will deny that Mrs. POTTER's Antony and Cleo-

patra is a more intellectual entertainment than Mr. HOYT's *Brass Monkey*, while it is incontrovertible that Mrs. LANGTRY's *Macbeth* reaches to a higher plane of excellence than Mr. RICE's *Evangeline*.

### SINK THE SHOP.

LITERATURE and art we know cannot well flourish except on a good financial basis. The commercial Athenians were the cultivated race of Greece, while the warlike Spartans were, aesthetically speaking, barbarians. And to-day the general rule holds that just in proportion as a nation is wealthy and prosperous it advances in the cultivation of the polite arts. It is self-evident, too, that all forms of art-producers, in whatever grade, must live, as well as other people, and, like other people, need publicity and notoriety for the due acceptance of their commodity. To be properly advertised is in some sense as indispensable to the author, the painter, the actor, or the singer, as to the dry-goods dealer or the cotton spinner.

But in this matter there is a demarcation line where good taste will be inclined to call a halt. To be properly advertised, we said; yes, but not improperly. And it is precisely this fine distinction which a great many honest people overlook. It inheres in the nature of some sorts of artistic production that they do, or should, advertise themselves. They acquire almost all needed publicity from the fact that they are consumed—and presumably enjoyed—in public. A good flannel waistcoat or a stout pair of boots has no voice to cry aloud the merits of its manufacturer. But a clever book or picture, a brilliant aria, or a daintily played concerto is seen and heard by thousands of appreciative ears and eyes at once, and carries its own commendation in the very act of its enjoyment.

Furthermore, there is a line where the commercial and the artistic spirits are sharply dissonant, if not absolutely incompatible. In all higher artistic achievements there is, or should be, a purity, directness, and single-heartedness of purpose which, temporarily at least, excludes egotism, puff, and noisy self-assertion. The really best things of life are too high and sweet to be enhanced by display headlines and flaunting billboards. So true is this in scientific circles, that the new discoverer who should supplement his paper at the Academy with the praises of his patent apparatus, would gain but cold hearing, and the physician who advertises in the paper is—in vulgar vernacular—"bounced." It does not greatly impair our use of a breakfast cup or a fruit-knife that the fabricant has his business card stamped on the blade of the one or the bottom of the other. But to see a brilliant artist, with the thunder of the public still ringing in his ears, set to "sky" his professional cards like HERRMANN, over the auditorium, would be incongruous if not disgusting.

It were devoutly to be wished that there were some inner shrine of art so still and sacred that we might take our enjoyment in peace undisturbed by the importunate reminder that the singer, the fiddler, or the piano maker, like Papataci in the opera, has to eat and drink. Fresco our walls and fences, dazzle us with posters, and nauseate us with shop-window photographs, if you must, but for Arts' sweet sake, gentlemen, let the programme alone! Is it not enough, at a second-rate concert, to have a sickly, yellow placard glaring at us from the instrument and notifying us that we are getting our LISZT or CHOPIN, not straight, as we want it, but with Kleber sauce! Must we, when we go to Palmer's or the Metropolitan for an evening's high enjoyment, be stunned with the clashing claims of rival costumers or pragmatic pianoforte builders? A plague of both your houses! "Why, gentlemen," cried Sergeant Buzfuz, "who does mind the warming-pan?" Who, in the fiend's name, cares whether Steinberg or Pickering supplies the instrument if JOSEFFY or ROSENTHAL plays it? Settle your quarrel on the sidewalk, please; we want music, pure and absolute, not music and puffery mingled.

As it is, the brazen self-assertion and nauseous *réclame* is getting so obtrusive that we shall soon cease to smile at the time-worn story of the obituary which ended with the modest hint that the mourning widow would continue the business at the same number. We are growing so resigned to have our highest and holiest unpurified by commercial egotism, that it will be slight surprise, on get-

ting to Paradise, to find each saint wearing, on the under side of his halo, the hall-mark of Messrs. Stern and Parker, Broadway, while his snowy robe of blessedness bears the shop-tag of a Chatham Square firm of ready-made clothing.

### PERSONAL.

MARKSTEIN.—A big testimonial concert will be given to Henrietta Markstein, the philanthropic pianist, at the Windsor Theatre on Sunday evening, Feb. 10.

BOSWELL.—Little Gertie Boswell, who plays the child's part in W. J. Scanlan's new play, *Miles Aron*, was also the originator of the part of *Pepe La Tour* in Gwynne's *Oath*. Dot Winters, the little actress who died recently, played the part at the Fourteenth Street Theatre only.

ROBSON.—Stuart Robson will begin his tour as an individual star under the management of William R. Hayden about Oct. 1, in Steele Mackaye's written-to-order romantic play. The scene is laid in Spain in the seventeenth century, and Mr. Robson's character is a quaintly humorous one drawn, we are told, upon Shakespearean lines. The scenery will be painted by Phil Gontcher. The new play and The Henrietta will comprise Mr. Robson's repertoire, and the tour will extend to the Pacific coast. Frank Mordaunt or M. Kennedy will probably be seen in Mr. Crane's role in *The Henrietta*.

CROMPTON.—W. H. Crompton is another member of the Mansfield company now in London who is willing to stay but would like to come home. If a suitable engagement offers Mr. Crompton will promptly return to this side.

POTTER.—Mrs. Potter says that the reason she was so bad in the last act of *Antony and Cleopatra* on the first night at Palmer's was the overpowering fatigue to which she had been subjected in the course of preparations.

SANGER.—Frank W. Sanger has grown a beard since his illness. It is pointed in King Charles fashion and gives him an artistic appearance.

SHERIDAN.—Emma Sheridan has rapidly adapted herself to the requirements of the Shakespearean roles which she is playing this season for the first time in her career. Her *Ophelia* and *Lady Anne* are especially found worthy of commendation by the critics along T. W. Keene's route.

FACT.—The *Herald's* Sunday dramatic department continues to excite intense interest among the inmates of Bloomingdale. It is found to be admirably soothing when prescribed in large doses to violent patients.

THOMPSON.—Lydia Thompson was prostrated with serious illness at the Westminster Hotel in Los Angeles last week.

SEIDL.—A dinner was given to Anton Seidl, director of the Metropolitan orchestra, on Saturday night by the members of the *Leiderkranz*, to mark the successful production of *Das Rheingold*.

VANDERBILT.—Clarette Vanderbilt has resigned from the Pearl of Pekin company. She will locate in Cincinnati to complete her musical education.

ARMSTRONG.—Sydney Armstrong closes her engagement with The Still Alarm company in a fortnight.

RUSSELL.—Master Tommy Russell was presented with a diamond ring by an admirer the other night.

BURNETT.—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has signed a contract with Daniel Frohman to write a society comedy for the Lyceum Theatre. The play will be finished and will probably be produced there before the close of the season.

THOMPSON.—Denman Thompson's mother, who was over eighty years of age, died at her home in Swanzy, N. H., last week. Mr. Thompson attended the funeral on Sunday.

CANBY.—Al Canby, Francis Wilson's manager, has been engaged to do special work for the rest of the season for Gillette's. She company, which leaves for Cincinnati on Saturday.

SYLVESTER.—Louise Sylvester will play the part of *Violet*, formerly filled by Dan Collier, in the coming revival of *Pete at Harrigan's*.

EYRE.—Sophie Eyre has decided to remain in this country this and next season, and to accept engagements.

SOTHERN.—E. H. Sothern turned away numbers of people on Monday, his opening night, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Mary Anderson was playing against him. His engagement is for two weeks.

LAWRENCE.—Emma Lawrence, of the Casino, has been given a responsible part—Ira—in *Nadja*. Her progress the past year has been rapid.

GOODWIN.—A huge theatre party did honor to Nat Goodwin when he opened at the Grand Opera House on Monday night. It consisted of 1,040 members of *Méca Temple*, Nobles of the *Mystic Shrine*. Goodwin made a speech.

ALBANI.—Mme. Albani arrived from England by the *Servia* on Monday. She was accompanied by her husband, Ernest Gye, and four of the principal members of her concert company. She opens in Montreal next Saturday night.

AINLEY.—Gus Pitou has engaged Thomas Ainley, of England, as business manager for W. J. Scanlan's company during its European tour, beginning on April 22 at Liverpool. Mr. Ainley has been for a number of years the business manager of Wilson Barrett's provincial tours. He is at present in this country, and will accompany Mr. Pitou to England when the latter leaves in advance of Mr. Scanlan in March.

GILLETTE.—William Gillette returns to the city to-day (Wednesday) from Detroit, where he went to see the *Held* by the Enemy company. He was so pleased with the work of William Harcourt in the leading part that he intends placing him next Thursday in the organization which will shortly appear in New York.



## THE USHER.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.  
—LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

This is a change from the old form! But I think—making due allowance for the pardonable fondness we all have for the things we've grown accustomed to, and also for the shade of regret their abandonment always entails—that we cannot help admiring the many typographical improvements, and commending the convenience and excellence of the new shape. Not only this—I believe you will agree that it harmonizes better with the character of the paper and its clientele, and that in appearance as well as in contents it denotes the good taste and the artistic spirit which permeate the stage in its worthiest development.

The new arrangement of the pages places more space at disposal, and allows the publication of a good deal more matter than before, while the cut leaves obviously increase the value of all. The mechanical equipment, I think, is not now surpassed by any weekly journal. The facilities and the force of the composing-room have been doubled, to the end that by speedier preparation the news features may be rendered even more complete than heretofore. THE DRAMATIC MIRROR's freshly burnished surface will, moreover, shortly reflect some brilliant and important journalistic novelties in addition to those departments which now give it an exceptional quality and flavor.

How Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. William Winter will revel in the subject they are booked to discuss before the Goethe Society at the Brunswick on next Monday evening! "The influence of the newspaper press upon art" is something that both the distinguished contestants ought to know a good deal about, and the Society is accordingly in a fair way to derive vast edification from the big pow-wow. The doughty Dion already stands committed to one point of view—an adverse one, it need hardly be said, to current dramatic criticism—while sweet William, by training, taste and long experience, is amply armed and qualified to enter the arena and meet this formidable foe. Mr. Boucicault's *North American Review* article, coupled with his oft-spoken personal opinions, conclusively prove that his view of press influence on the drama and acting is as pessimistic as possible. That prejudice should enter in it is not at all strange when we remember that the veteran has been, during his long and wonderful career, a conspicuous target for the barbed arrows of the newspaper archers. But such an opportunity as the Goethe disciples extend furnishes a rare and tempting chance to get square. And so all of us who are fortunate enough to hold tickets to the show await it with keen anticipations.

At Delmonico's:  
"Have you heard the news?"  
"No, what is it?"  
"Mrs. Potter's asp is dead."  
"Good heavens! What was the cause?"  
"Lack of nourishment."

The new drop-curtain of a theatre up Broadway tells a little story through the medium of two large letters artistically painted just where every eye must see and every puny intellect must be impressed with their stupendous significance. It takes the whole alphabet for the telling of most stories, but those two eloquent letters speak volumes. To the observant spectator whom they stare in the face during the *entr'actes* they are a whole history of managerial pomposity, crass crankiness and egotism that falls nothing short of the sublime. They conjure up the phantoms of unconscionable literary shams and hypocrites in the years that are faded. They illustrate a career with Hogarthian power. The pictures they suggest are varied and vivid. What magic! And yet, as I put them down here on paper, they seem innocent and insignificant, after all.

A. D.

"Anna Dickinson?" No, indeed; Anna doesn't paint her name red if she can help it. "Anno Domini?" Wrong again, although the error, under the circumstances, is perfectly excusable. My dear sir, or madam (as the case may be), I have no patience with such dulness. I shall not allow another guess—you might hit it right, you know.

There is a lot of grumbling, surreptitious and otherwise, against the system of cheap-price theatres. Managers are not in it, for they practically realize the profitable nature of the institutions; but many actors find it a favorite subject for lament or abuse. Why? Has none of them ever considered what an immense benefit such theatres are to a large class in the profession? Has none thought of the vast number that owe to them their habitual bread and butter and their occasional rood birds *en brochette*? As a matter of fact, they furnish steady employment the season through to hundreds of actors. In Jacob's houses alone, I will venture to say, four hundred professionals are playing nightly. With Proctor's and Harris' circuits added, the figure

is doubled. If all the cheap-price establishments closed down there would be more people at liberty than there would be in engagements if the legislative protection were secured to American actors. Don't disparage the bridge that carries you over, boys.

It is a marvel to many how Grace Hawthorne, the great American unknown, aided and abetted by Hustler W. Kelly, has held the fort at the Princess in London all these months. Beleguered and besieged—not always, unfortunately, by the noble British public—our fair compatriot has held her theatrical citadel with a pluck and tenacity that defy everything, including my comprehension. She always bobs up, serene and smiling, from the depths of every mishap, and manages to fill the conservative London press with notes of her managerial achievements, past, present and to come. At brief intervals threats of a tour of her native land adventure over the ocean, but up to the present these warnings, like the latest rumors about Jay Gould, "lack confirmation." It may be that when she does come we may not like her acting, but we cannot withhold admiration of her staying powers, as demonstrated over there.

The *Herald's* dramatic column just now is conducted in a fashion which recalls a story about the wayward and unfortunate journalist, George Butler. He had been on a tour of more than ordinary recklessness and duration when his affectionate uncle, the inimitable General Ben Butler, got hold of him and proceeded to admonish him against the probable consequences of continuing in his dissipated course.

"My dear boy," said Ben, with impressive voice and solemn visage, "you must call a halt. This violence to nature, if continued, will bring on softening of the brain as sure as you're alive. Think of it! What would become of you?"

"Well," replied the nephew in serious accents, "one thing would be left me. I could write editorials for the *Herald*."

Did you notice how La Tosca came and went last week without a renewal of the storm of indignation that swept over the metropolitan press on its first production here last season? No material modification had been made in the text or the representation of the play, the particular scene whose bestiality and lust horrified the newspapers standing just as it stood before. Are we to refer this conspicuous cessation of adverse criticism to a sudden change of sentiment? Or do these sporadic and abnormal dramatic developments partake of the characteristics of the proverbial nine days' wonder? Or was the cyclonic disturbance really unjustified?

## MR. MANTELL'S SEASON.

"Mantell has had a remarkably successful tour so far," said William B. Gross, his advance agent, to a reporter, "and he will finish the season a big winner. The success of *Monbars* has exceeded our most sanguine expectations and it will remain the principal play of his repertory for another year. The drawing powers of the drama have been duly tested, and where return engagements have been played our receipts were often doubled and trebled—convincing proof of its strength."

"We have played *Othello* a number of times, and it has drawn quite well, notably in Toronto a few weeks ago, where we gave it on the closing night of the engagement and actually could not accommodate all who applied for admission. I think Mr. Mantell's innovations are reasonable, and he has the best authority for making them."

"No, we will not put on *The Corsican Brothers* this season, but we have contracted to play it some next year. It was a pronounced success, and I believe it will prove a strong card in the future. We have no other plays at present, although several noted authors are supposed to be preparing new material. We are playing in Newark this week and will make our first appearance in this city the week after next."

## RUSSELL'S NEW PIECE.

"It is a fact," said Lloyd Breeze, "Sol Smith Russell is doing the greatest business of his life this season. His new play, *A Poor Relation*, has afforded the opportunity to create a character. Although *Bewitched* is very funny as farce comedies go, *A Poor Relation* is by far the best piece of work that Mr. Kidder has ever done, and Russell revels in Noah Vale, a shabby genteel genius, with touches of a humor that might be called pathetic. It is a Dickensian character, all smiles and tears. Why, Sol has made a speech in front of the curtain every opening night since the 15th of October. You see he sings but one song in the piece, and the climax of the acts are so strong that when they call him out he explains that he is endeavoring to get away from farce comedy and create something that will live. If you have ever heard one of Russell's speeches, you can understand that he is often compelled to 'do it all over again.'"

"His good-bye to the stage? Well, he did retire—and he meant it, too. He is easily worth a quarter of a million, and he went up to Minneapolis, where he is largely interested in real estate and has a beautiful home, and settled down as president of a large manufacturing company. After one summer in the counting room he began to grow restless and Manager Fred. Berger offered him a big salary for 'just one more season.' Sol accepted and Fred is making a barrel out of his contract—and there won't be any more salary business for Mr. Russell. They are partners after this season, as they have been for twenty years, and the next season will open in August at a Broadway theatre, where we play for four weeks."

"Russell is in Richmond this week and next week he goes to the Boston Park, thence to Philadelphia and New Orleans and so out to Southern California. After two weeks at the Baldwin in Frisco we go to Portland and

back over the Northern Pacific. We have already been South twice and West as far as Omaha. I believe Berger booked this remarkable route just to give me an opportunity to see the country."

## MANAGER MILLER TALKS.

Charles A. Miller, manager of the new spectacle, *Kajanka*, and of the Metropolitan and Grand Opera Houses, of Columbus, O., has been in the city for the last three weeks attending to the necessary preparations for the production of the piece, and to bookings for his houses. Mr. Miller is as clever a manager as any in the country, and knows his business thoroughly. Referring to the change made in his theatre at Columbus, from a low-priced house to a high-class theatre, playing only the best attractions, Mr. Miller said:

My reasons for making this change are the demand on the part of the people of the city for the better class of attractions and our inability to furnish them at the old prices. The new prices will range from fifteen cents to \$1.25 for the best seat in the house. At present our best seats can be had for fifty cents each and like our twenty-five cent seats you can have them reserved two weeks in advance. You see, the cheap price mania has about died out, and if you will look carefully over the field you will find that the essentially cheap price house managers, such as Messrs. Jacobs and Proctor and Harris, are all actually giving it up.

"When the craze struck the Western country some years ago it resulted in the building of large theatres which could accommodate over 2,500 people, and as a result, no matter how small the prices were, the houses could easily take in over \$1,000 a night. The mania was in truth a godsend for Western managers, though of course they couldn't see it at first, when it actually killed all legitimate attractions for that part of the country. But the fact remains that it created hundreds of thousands of theatregoers. I used to see people enter a house of amusement and not know which way to turn. Then it was the prices that pulled the people in the house, and the attractions were mere barnstormers."

"But, by degrees, the matter regulated itself. Take my case for example. Five years ago ten cents was the price all over my house, and the entertainments were of the same nature as the prices—cheap. But each year my *clintelle* demanded something better, and the prices went up at the same time. The people are becoming discriminating, and they will not stand the cheap attractions. Still, for all that, the prices in the West are much cheaper than they are here. For instance, there are Pope's Theatre, St. Louis, the Bijou in Pittsburg, Haylin's in Cincinnati, and the Haymarket in Chicago. The prices at all these houses range from fifteen cents to \$1, and yet for all that those four theatres are the best paying ones in the country, and I would be willing to wager that there is not one of them which has six open weeks for next season."

"Even my own house is one that will command respect from New Yorkers. It is perfect in all its appointments, both on the stage and in front, and will seat fully 2,200 people. In fact there are few houses in this city better than it, and theatres like the Bijou and the Fifth Avenue here are not in the race with it, simply because it is a modern house with all the modern improvements. Despite the fact that it is a handsome house as it stands, I intend further beautifying it this Summer at a cost of from \$8,000 to \$10,000, and I consider that I have already secured a fine list of the leading attractions of the country, among them being all of the Lyceum and Madison Square Theatre attractions, all of Rice and Dixey's companies, Gillette's attractions, Thomas W. Keene, Julia Marlowe and many others."

## KLAW AND ERLANGER'S MOVE.

For several months past Klaw and Erlanger have been on a hot search for suitable offices for their theatrical exchange, but it was not until last week that the look of relief that was to have been expected when they secured the desired property became noticeable on the features of these indefatigable workers.

"We have just leased the five-story brown-stone building No. 25 West Thirtieth Street," said A. L. Erlanger, "and it is my belief that we will have the handsomest place of its kind in this country. The house is between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, near Palmer's Theatre, and we intend removing there from our present quarters about April 1. In our new building we shall have conveniences for the benefit of our patrons that were hitherto unknown in the theatrical business."

"Every branch of theatricals will be represented in the building and nearly all the prominent managers and stars will have their headquarters there. In the first place the entire lower floor will be occupied by our own offices. Quarters have also been secured by Joseph Brooks, C. B. Jefferson, Mr. Bryant, of the *Brooklyn Daily Times*; Fred. Berger, Jack Crabtree, J. K. Emmet, Jr., Clark Sammis, Wolf Marks, Jerome H. Eddy, W. W. Tillotson, F. F. Proctor, E. B. Jack and others."

"The following stars and attractions will be represented in the Exchange: Joseph Jefferson, Fanny Davenport, Mme. Modjeska, W. H. Crane, Sol Smith Russell, Roland Reed, Zig-Zag, Wilson Barrett, J. K. Emmet, The Little Tycoon, the Prescott-McLean company, the Shadows of a Great City and about twenty others. The building will be equipped with telegraph and cable office, special messenger-boys, telephone, prompt mailing service, etc. It will be heated by steam and elegantly decorated, containing every modern improvement. As you know, we already represent upwards of 200 theatres, and with the added facilities at our command we can promise the same prompt service that has made our present offices so popular and successful."

CHARLES B. WELLES closes his engagement with the Harbor Lights company shortly.

## GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

A. F. BRADLEY, business representative of Kate Castleton, will resign his position at the close of the Toronto engagement on Saturday night.

THOMAS DENNIN, the treasurer of Duff's Opera company, is reported to be seriously ill in this city.

MANAGER C. DUNDAS SLATER, of the Gaiety company, is an extremely lucky individual. About a month ago he accidentally ran across a man who had a canary that whistled "Yankee Doodle." He bought it for the sum of \$250, and since that time has drawn \$50 a week by allowing it to be exhibited in museums, his only expense comprising the hire of a boy to whom he gives \$8 a week for taking care of the bird. Mr. Slater has engaged the teacher of the bird to teach several others.

NICE theatre-going weather.

A STORM of indignation against J. Z. Little, manager of Little's World company, and Manager Plato, of Louis' Opera House, San Diego, Cal., was aroused recently by the distribution in that house of a most objectionable programme. The moment that the women in the audience caught sight of the nature of the disgusting advertisements the sheets contained they dropped them like live coals and many felt so greatly incensed that they left the theatre.

THE negotiations to secure the services of Charles Glenney, who was under contract to Henry Irving for several years, which were begun by J. M. Hill last Fall, have reached a favorable conclusion. Mr. Irving has consented to allow Mr. Glenney to appear in this country for ten weeks next Spring, in support of Helen Barry. Mr. Glenney will play Gustave D'Grigon in *A Woman's Stratagem* at the opening of the Union Square Theatre.

DUDLEY MCDONOW has severed his connection with the Fashions company and is now with Rice's Vaudeville Syndicate. Next season he will be interested with Peter Rice in three new attractions. They will also manage J. B. Polk in a new comedy.

JAMES L. EDWARDS, who has been ill for several weeks, is again playing Jack Hearn in *The Roman Rye*.

It is said that the four Chinese musicians who appear in the marriage scene in *The Pearl of Pekin* have absolutely refused to pay to the Six Companies of San Francisco, which brought them to this country, a portion of their earnings and that a legal contest over the matter will probably ensue.

THE stage children of this city under the charge of Mrs. E. L. Fernandez will see Little Lord Fauntleroy at the Broadway this (Wednesday) afternoon.

THAT admirable little periodical, *Shakespeareana*, which is on the threshold of its sixth volume, is hereafter to be published in this city instead of Philadelphia. It is to be conducted under the auspices of the New York Shakespeare Society.

THINGS are radiant at the Broadway. Little Lord Fauntleroy fills the house continuously and an armed truce prevails between partners French and Sanger. Nevertheless, hostilities are believed to be certain to break out before long and there is a possibility that the complications concerning the road rights of Mrs. Burnett's successful play will not be settled outside of court.

AND so, after all, the wild talk about the Fifth Avenue ushers wearing kilts during the *Macbeth* run was only an advertising guy shrewdly devised and worked by Business Manager Joseph Reynolds!

L. M. MANTELL, stage manager of the Estelle Clayton company, denies that special scenery for the production of *The Quick and the Dead* was gotten up by the scenic artist of the Academy of Music at Charleston, S. C., for that house. Mr. Mantell states that everything necessary for the production of the play is carried by the organization and that a special feature is made of the scenery for the second act, which the house claimed to have furnished.

ALTHOUGH it has not yet been decided when the burlesque of *Faust* will be produced by Henry E. Dixey, the piece is advanced in preparation. Rice is hard at work on the music. The libretto, by Joseph Tabrar, of London, is finished.

HEERMANN'S business in Pittsburg was something phenomenal. The receipts did not fall below \$750 at any performance. While in that city the magician gave a benefit for the victims of the recent cyclone. It netted \$417.25.

P. S. GILMORE will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of his first Boston musical festival by a series of gigantic jubilees in the large cities during the months of April, May and June. In an amusingly bumptious circular announcing the fact it is stated that he will be assisted by Signor Campanini, "the Greatest of Living Tenors," Signorina Clementina De Vere, "the Silver-voiced Gerster of the Present Day," Mme. Blanche Stone-Barton, "the Foremost American Soprano," Helen Dudley Campbell, "a Contralto Wholly Worthy of her Distinguished Company," Signor Del Puente, "the First and Most Popular Living Baritone," and Myron W. Whitney, the Grandest Basso America ever Produced."

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR has secured a section for exhibit in the American division of the Paris Exposition and will be appropriately represented there next Summer.

KAJANKA, the big spectacular production of next season, has been booked for a run of six weeks at Niblo's, beginning Dec. 2.

THE fiftieth performance of *The Lorgaire* was given at Harrigan's last Saturday night.

MANAGER R. M. FIELD will send a special Sweet Lavendr company through the smaller Eastern cities, beginning next Monday night.

HELEN BANCROFT as Charmian in *Antony and Cleopatra*, at Palmer's, fairly rivals Mrs. Potter in beauty and picturesqueness. The part is a small one, but Miss Bancroft handles it skilfully.



## AT THE THEATRES.

FIFTH AVENUE—MACHETH.

Duncan..... Frederick A. Everill  
Malcolm..... Louis Calvert  
Donalbain..... Mr. Alexander  
Macbeth..... Mr. Coglian  
Banquo..... John Malone  
Lennox..... Joseph Wheelock  
Fleance..... Ivan Pernot  
First Witch..... Katharine Florence  
Lady Macbeth..... Louisa Eldridge  
Lady Macbeth..... Mrs. Langtry

It was an audience of first-nighters of the bluest blood which met Mrs. Langtry on Monday at the Fifth Avenue Theatre—not much of Murray Hill, perhaps, but the men and women who give the law in editor's sanctums, and clubs and *coulisses*. Where the press and the profession left off, the four hundred may have begun, but there was not much room for them. The attention was earnest and respectful, and the applause—localized in spots—occasionally liberal. It was an audience which came to look and listen with all its might, and meant business.

Why Mrs. Langtry should have essayed just the character of Lady Macbeth has long been a puzzle to the minds of those initiates who constitute, professionally speaking, "the town." There was room for the thought that in default of brilliant achievement in minor roles there would be policy in attacking one of such supernatural difficulty that to even approach it is creditable, and not to utterly fail, success. Or she may have fancied she really could do it. "I can't cure him as he is," said a country quack, "but I can give him something that'll throw him into fits, and you know I'm death on fits!" Mrs. Langtry may have fancied that the surest way out of the comparative coma of melodrama or the romantic was to throw herself into the throes and convulsions of high tragedy.

Alas! Mrs. Langtry is not death on fits, in Shakespeare or elsewhere, and her departure from every form of good tragic work is only the more palpable as her mark is set higher. She is, in the crown and mantle of Lady Macbeth, as in the furs of Lina Despard, or the white muslin of Pauline, just what she has always been. Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite—monotony. She walks through the part of Lady Macbeth as through her other impersonations, with a series of gestures, movements and inflections, carefully, even painfully, learned by heart from her elocution coach or her stage manager, without the slightest possible trace of individual intelligence, and not one gleam of real dramatic fire or original imagination. Of the wondrous depth of feeling, the many-sided force and strength of the woman she essayed to paint, it is not probable that Mrs. Langtry has the faintest conception.

Now, if she had, would it be easy for her to put it into act. Tried on the severe standard of Shakespearean verse, her deficiency of dramatic methods is ever more apparent. Her reading is of the staidest known to the stage; her one vocal device for expressing emotion, a hollow, husky, monotone growling growl and more hollow, till in moments of would-be intensity it sinks out of hearing altogether. Of facial expression Mrs. Langtry has just one, that peculiar haggard look of distress, dropping jaw and scowling droop of the mouth (pardon the expression, no other fits the case), which with her is made to do duty for all forms of emotion. The peculiar ghostliness of this expression, combined with a corpse-like make-up, and the above-mentioned stage whinger, inaudible past the centre of the theatre, made the sleep-walking scene unpleasant to the point of the grotesque. It was (again pardon the expression) more like a hospital experiment in galvanism than a scene palpitating with human sorrow and suffering.

Space and patience fail us in the attempt to analyze what really admits of no analysis. There is nothing to analyze. Mrs. Langtry's Lady Macbeth is a plucky but ill-judged attempt to do what the lady is not in the least fitted by temperament, physique or training, to achieve. It excites no emotion, save that of weariness, and creates no momentary impression of reality. As to its presumable effect on the hesitating villain, her husband, it is absurdly futile. Her tempting would not rouse a village schoolboy to "play hooky" or burgle the jam-closet.

Mr. Coglian played Macbeth with an odd mixture of intelligence, acquired bad habit and congenital incapacity. His reading was often good, though generally melodramatic and strained to a degree. The dagger scene was really well delivered and acted. Of course he makes Macbeth an accomplished plotter, ruffian and murderer from the start. Of any presumable struggle going on in the breast of the one-time patriot and hero, he gives little sign. But on a background of villainy so deep, the ladylike drawl and lip of the Bond Street lawyer and the elaborate, long-drawn enunciation of the elocutionist, sometimes stand out with quaint and incongruous effect. Still, taken all in all, his work was out of all comparison the work of the piece, and what the playgoer, some slight curiosity as to Mrs. Langtry once satisfied, will pay his money to see.

Joseph Wheelock, who had the audience with him from the start, gave a manly and breezy rendering of Macduff, which he impaired by his grotesque whimpering and childish grief in learning the loss of his family. John Malone, as Banquo, was properly impressive in life and spectral in death, though for the most imaginative effect we could have wished the spectre omitted. The rest of the cast were, each in his way, satisfactory.

The scenery and witchery were highly beautiful and effective, in especial the mountain glen with the incantation scene and the fine baronial hall of the royal castle. The costumes—Mrs. Langtry's first of all—had evidently been carefully studied in contemporary records, and if not always pleasing had at least the merit of local and chronologic fidelity. In the one essential of—of—well, of *brooches*, the costume of the day seems to have displayed a painful uniformity. The spectator by the end of the evening gets so used with stupid trowsers (or trousers) that it

would be a certain relief to catch sight of a few kems and gallowglasses with none at all.

FOURTEENTH STREET.—MYLES AROON.

Myles Aroon..... W. J. Scanlan  
Squire Raymond Thurston..... Charles Mason  
Mike Carney..... Thaddeus Shine  
Gerald Poadyke..... Edward R. Marsden  
Pat Phelan..... Robert McNair  
Lady Glover..... Stella Teuton  
Maggie Farrell..... Mattie Ferguson  
Mrs. Farrell..... Millie Sackett  
Lucy O'Shea..... Mary Warner  
Annie O'Connor..... Lucy Waters  
Dora..... Stella Maria

A large audience assembled at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Monday evening to see the first performance in this city of Myles Aroon, the new Irish play written for W. J. Scanlan by George H. Jessop and Horace Townsend. It was a decidedly friendly audience, to say the least, and the over-enthusiastic element was so bent on manufacturing a successful reception that Mr. Scanlan received encores for each of his vocal efforts, despite the fact that he was very hoarse. On this account he wisely omitted his familiar "Peek-a-Boo" song. His swing song in the first act is not likely to meet with undue popular success, for it is lacking in the tuneful qualities of "Peek-a-Boo," while the orchestral accompaniment is thin and amateurish. The other melodies were reminiscent of former catchy strains, but they pleased the audience.

Concerning the piece itself, it may be said that it is an excellent vehicle for the display of Mr. Scanlan's stellar specialties.

The material of the plot is somewhat antique, and the characters can boast of a long line of ancestry. Still, the lines are decidedly bright and the comedy element is well sustained. The fair scene at Crevagh is effective and picturesque, and all of the scenes are well managed. The action is brisk, and, taken as a whole, the piece may be pronounced a popular success. Mr. Scanlan, though somewhat handicapped by hoarseness, was as genial and telling as ever, in his new role of Myles Aroon, the handsome young gardener of Lady Glover and the hero of the drama. Charles Mason as Squire Thurston was an icy and collected villain. The Pat Phelan of Robert McNair was a thoroughly comical Irishman, and his make-up and eccentricities were most laughable. Thaddeus Shine emphasized the crusty characteristics of Mike Carney, the head gardener. Stella Teuton was pretty and handsomely dressed as Lady Glover, but would do well to discard her sing-song manner of speaking. Mattie Ferguson as Maggie Farrell made a fascinating little sweetheart for Myles and proved an excellent actress as well. Last in size but not in merit was the impersonation of Nellie Glover by little Gertie Boswell. Indeed she takes rank with the best of our child actors. Millie Sackett evinced considerable talent for character parts as the Widow Farrell, and Mary Warner, Lucy Waters, Stella Maria and Charlotte Ray were enticing collectors in their bright-colored costumes. The Mother Bet of Laura Wilson also deserves commendatory notice. In fact the cast is of unusual excellence for a road company supporting an Irish comedian. Mr. Scanlan evidently does not wish to shine in contrast to feeble support.

PEOPLE'S.—AUSTRALITE.

Col. Count de Maurienne..... Daniel E. Bandmann  
Marquis de Laval..... Fred. W. Sidney  
Dr. Faidheim..... W. S. Hart  
Mona Marbois, a notary..... Ferd. Heigh  
La Garotte, a warden..... Henry J. Linton  
Simmonneau, a clerk..... Richard F. Carroll  
Bouquet..... John Reynolds  
Minister of France..... John Griffiths  
Melanie de Maurienne..... May Gordon  
Marie..... Alice Elton  
Marenga, a vivandiere..... Louise Beaudet

The admirable and picturesque drama of *Dead or Alive*, by Tom Taylor, was produced on Monday night at the People's Theatre by Daniel E. Bandmann, under the title of *Australite*.

The play was admirably acted. Daniel Bandmann played Colonel de Maurienne with great dramatic force in many passages, holding the audience in breathless attention. Frederick W. Sidney acted Marquis de Laval smoothly. Louise Beaudet was decidedly clever in the important *soubrette* part of Marenga, a vivandiere. She was much applauded. Annie Sutherland acted well as Countess de Maurienne, and so did May Gordon as Melanie. The piece was picturesquely grouped and placed upon the stage. The scenery of the prologue was painted by D. B. Hughes, and included a striking diorama effect showing a change to a view of Napoleon riding down the lines. Next week, Papi Kauvar.

STAR.—RUNNING WILD.

Running Wild, with John Wild as the star, drew a packed house at the Star on last Monday night. In the first scene in the opening act, as Mr. Wild stepped on the stage in the old familiar black face, a tidal wave of spontaneous applause swept over the house, and only receded when the recipient of this genuine outburst made a few felicitous remarks. Among the numerous floral testimonials passed over the footlights to Mr. Wild was a huge floral horseshoe from Harrigan's Park company. Running Wild, as produced here, is a very attractive musical farce-comedy, with an ensemble of pretty girls and abounding with mirth and music. The cast numbers fourteen and includes some very clever people who sang and danced their way into the affections of the audience. Mr. Wild in a dual role realized the most sanguine expectations of his friends. The Wife next week.

CASINO.—NADJY.

A large and characteristic audience of "first-nighters" welcomed the revival of *Nadjy* at the Casino on Monday night. The cast was the same as in the previous production of the opera, with the notable exception of Lillian Russell as Princess Etelka, Elma Delaro as Angelina, and John E. Brand as Rakoczy. Miss Russell was the star of the evening, receiving quite an ovation on her first appearance. Her singing was excellent; a little nervousness, visible in the first act, soon passing off. Fanny Rice as Nadjy was

charming as usual, closely pressing Miss Russell for the palm of favor. Her acting and singing were exceptionally good and were loudly applauded. Miss Delaro as Angelina materially contributed by her acting to the excellence of the cast. Fred. Solomon as the Margrave was heartily appreciated by the audience. His good work, together with the less legitimate but funny work of Powers as Faragas, would alone sustain the reputation of the Casino.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—NAT GOODWIN.

An audience that occupied every available space in the Grand Opera House greeted N. C. Goodwin on Monday night. A double bill was presented, Mr. Goodwin appearing as Gringoire in a Royal Revenge and Christopher Bizard in Confusion. A Royal Revenge is a translation by William Yardley, of Theodore de Banville's Gringoire. Lawrence Barrett has presented a version of this little play to New Yorkers and Coquelin has appeared here in the original. Mr. Goodwin invested his portrayal of the vagabond poet with a droll pathos that was highly pleasing, and his recitation of the poem, "In the Orchard of the King," was very clever. The support was hardly adequate to the requirements of the play. At the close of the second act of Confusion all the company were called before the curtain and a speech was demanded of Mr. Goodwin. In a few words he thanked the audience for himself and on behalf of the company for their hearty applause. A theatre party composed of nearly eleven hundred Nobles of the Mystic Shrine helped to crowd the house. Louis James and Marie Wainwright are announced for next week.

NIBLO'S.—PAUL KAUVAR.

Paul Kauvar is the attraction at Niblo's this week, where it opened on Monday night to a big house. Joseph Haworth as Paul Kauvar, and Carrie Turner as Diane, met with the same approval that has followed them since they first appeared in these characters. Nestor Lennon as General Delaroché gave an excellent rendition of the character, and divided the honors with the stars. Ralph Delmore as the Marquis de Vaux, C. Vandenhoff as the Duc de Beaumont, Murry Woods as Potin, Lizzie Rochelle as Nanette, and Marion Abbott as Charlotte, were all good. The original scenery was used in the production. Next week, Harbor Lights opens here for a two weeks' engagement.

THIRD AVENUE.—SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

Skipped by the Light of the Moon by Fowler and Warrington's company is drawing crowded houses to the Third Avenue Theatre this week. Although one of the funniest of its kind (and it is but one of hundreds) it is amusing, and as the audiences appeared to be satisfied, to use a somewhat inelegant but expressive phrase, "it goes." It will be followed next week by True Irish Hearts.

WINDSOR.—THE WHITE SLAVE.

The White Slave was presented for the first time in New York this season at the Windsor on Monday night. It was laughed at and applauded by a good-sized audience. Charles T. White was the Job, Frank Drew the Stitch, Jennie Kaczner played Lisa, Milton Roblee Clay Britton, and Myron Leffingwell Wm. Lacy. All did good work—in fact, the company in general was competent.

THALIA.—TRUE IRISH HEARTS.

True Irish Hearts, a conventional Irish drama, with many stirring situations and exciting climaxes, was presented at the Thalia on last Monday night. Gus Reynolds gave a fine impersonation of the hero, Lanty Lanigan. Minnie M. Kissell, in the *ingenue* part of Rose O'Connor, looked pretty. Myra C. Brooks made a matronly Mrs. Brady and Mamie Clark was efficient as Mother Mooney. Dannie McCarty, Jr., was a precocious Little Bright Eyes, and was the recipient of floral tributes. The play was well staged. Next week, E. F. Mayo in Silver Age.

AT OTHER HOUSES.

The Queen's Mate is running along to a quiet, steady business at the Standard Theatre, where it closes its season on Saturday night, to be followed by The Pearl of Pekin.

At the Lyceum Theatre Sweet Lavender's fresh, delicate comedy continues to delight audiences of flattering proportions.

Little Lord Fauntleroy's successful run at the Broadway Theatre continues unabated, and packed houses are the rule.

The farce-comedy of Fashions is playing to good houses at Dockstader's, where it will be followed next Monday night by Kellar, the magician.

A good variety bill at Tony Pastor's attracted a large house on Monday night, and the prospects are that the receipts for the week will be of satisfactory volume.

Antony and Cleopatra has achieved popularity at Palmer's Theatre, and the reward of hard work nightly pours into the coffers of the managers.

At the Madison Square Theatre it is evident that the drawing powers of Captain Swift are by no means exhausted, and big houses continue.

The Longaire still draws at Harrigan's. The Pearl of Pekin is in its last week at the Bijou Theatre. Next week, Donnelly and Girard in Natural Gas.

At the Academy of Music The Old Homestead is well on the way to a successful ending of its first year. And a second year may not be improbable.

S. P. ENNIS will take the management of A Tin Soldier on Feb. 4, having made arrangements with Hoyt and Thomas to produce the piece on royalty. Among the present company to be retained are Dan Kelly, Kate Davis and Marie Cahill, while among the newcomers are Louis De Lange, who plays the plumber, and Arthur Dunn, who impersonates Rata.

## THE MUSICAL MIRROR.

The fourth concert of the Symphony Society was given on Saturday at the Metropolitan before a very large and sympathetic audience. It was the Russian Evening contemplated in Mr. Damrosch's scheme of national and historical classification, and the programme was made up almost entirely from the works of two prominent representatives of the school, if school it can be called.

Tchaikowsky's Symphony No. 2 in C minor is not one of his most pleasing works. It has in large measure the sharp local flavor, the wild, weird, and rugged quality which—for what reason it might be hard to say—has been conventionally viewed as appropriate to the Slavonic style of compositions. So far as mere device of theme and melodic phrase is concerned, this might be well enough, and a certain amount of such national aroma might be both pungent and pleasing. In the skilful hands of Liszt it has been made to yield in the Rhapsodic Hongroise some of the most interesting and characteristic of modern concert morceaux. But Tchaikowsky carries his nationality beyond the choice of theme into his treatment, and the orchestral dress he has given his thought is too often noisy, rough, incoherent, and dissonant. The Symphony No. 2 is on the whole a dry and rather tedious work, save perhaps in the last movement, where a national hymn or other solemn air has been worked up in very massive and dignified shape.

His concerto for violin and orchestra was far better, and contains many beautiful and melodious passages. The solo part was beautifully played by Miss Maude Powell, in whose favor we beg to modify some of our recent tart comments on feminine fiddlers. She has not, in florid passages, all the strength and certainty of technique of a well-trained man, or of an older woman; but she has, especially in legato work, a clear, firm tone, good sonority and feeling, and occasionally some very clever bits of brilliant display. Her double stopping is good, and her runs often clean and neat. She is particularly happy, too, in the possession of what, on one experience, seems to us one of the most gorgeous fiddles we have ever heard, big, deep-toned in color and quality, as ripe as a bottle of old Burgundy, and as rich and sonorous almost as that small cathedral organ which Wilhelm used to carry about in guise of a violin. Miss Powell stood the test of the very long and difficult concerto most manfully, and earned stormy applause.

Part two of the programme opened with a scene from Rubinstein's sacred opera, Moses—the finding of the child in the bulrushes and his commitment to the care of an improvised nurse. The selection is pleasing, but not of striking force. It was fairly sung by Miss Kelly, as the Princess; Asnath, and three other ladies, with the chorus of the Oratorio Society. It was a bit of dramatic effect not contemplated in the programme that, at the instant when the miniature Moses was comfortably fitted out with a wet-nurse, the violinists (fathers of families themselves, no doubt) all leaned forward, with a sigh of relief, and—turned over a new leaf!

The programme ended with the performance of Handel's Dead March from Saul. Schubert's Hungarian March and Wagner's Kaiser March, fairly played, but not much more. Of the orchestral execution at these concerts it is not easy to speak in terms of very warm enthusiasm. It is acceptable, but it lacks precision, smoothness, fire and inspiration. We are getting hard to please. The achievements of one age, says Schiller, are the standard of the next. Mr. Gericke and his band have showed us a glimpse of orchestral possibilities which set the key of the musical situation, and give us a norm by which orchestras and leaders alike must—will they, will they—in future be judged.

## SOME NEW THEATRES.

There is at present a good deal of activity in theatre building throughout the country.

The opening of the new theatre at La Crosse, Wis., on Jan. 10 by the Bostonians in the opera Dorothy was one of the most brilliant events of the season. The La Crosse Theatre, as it will be known, is situated on South Fifth Street between Main and Jay Streets. The size of the building is 65x100 and will seat about 1,275. The house has all the latest improvements, is richly furnished and has been pronounced a gem.

A site has been purchased and a stock company formed who will in the near future erect a new Opera House in New London, Ct. Messrs. Stoll and Starr, who have so ably conducted the New London Opera House, will have the management of the new one.

Work on the new Opera House at Tuscaloosa, Ala., is progressing very rapidly. The indications are that it will be completed by the latter part of February. An orchestra has been organized, under the directorship of Professor O. Schaeffer, for the new house.

The New Opera House, at Tacoma, Wash. Ter., is well under way. It will seat when completed 1,200. The stage will be 70x42. The building was designed by Architect Wood, of Chicago, and is to cost \$100,000.

Manager P. Harris, of the Academy of Music, Baltimore, has concluded negotiations which will give him a theatre in Washington, having purchased property on Ninth street, where he will at once commence the erection of an opera house, to be conducted as a first-class combination theatre, and to be ready by the beginning of next season.

The Business Men's Association, of Evansville, Ind., is building a two hundred thousand dollar theatre in that city. The new structure will be a ground floor theatre, and has been designed by McElfatrick and son's. A unique feature will be exits from all four sides of the house, and in all respects the structure will be a model one. The theatre and business building included in it will be ready for occupancy in October next.



## THE GIDDY GUSHER.



There's no doubt but it's much better to regret the things you haven't done than to regret the things you have done. Thank fortune, it's not been my fate to enjoy that last sort of remorse, but I get very badly broken up over intentions not carried out—opportunities neglected that can never come again.

Your California correspondent filled my heart with pain last week, when he told me in a few words that something I earnestly desired was forever denied me; when he showed me that a door that had stood open for me many years was closed for all this life against me. He said it in these words: "Mrs. Austin, 'Betsy B.' of the San Francisco press, died on New Year's Day."

She wrote me years ago when I first struck newspaper work. She said many kind things of me in pointed and spoken words, and once she wrote and asked me to meet her, as she was coming East. I neglected the opportunity and with my infernal put-off-till-the-last-minute characteristics let months pass without making a sign. And now the door is barred and we shall never meet.

I know a great deal of Mrs. Austin through dear John McCullough. She was a lovable, whole-hearted woman, and no one familiar with her newspaper work but accords her the first place among female journalists. Perhaps she knows now how sincerely I regret never having met her and how much I thought of that clever, brilliant, charming woman, "Betsy B."

I am slowly getting over Boston. I have arrived home with an unpleasant conviction fairly hammered into my prejudiced soul that New York is being knocked out by Boston. Governor Winthrop and Cotton Mather must be tearing their nightshirts as they contemplate the rancid that rules where once the bluest doctrines obtained.

They'll sing "Razze Dazze" in the Old South meeting house before they pull up. There's more eating, and more drinking, and more theatregoing there in a week than goes on in New York in two.

I always thought the one safe city for the straying steps of the wild and woolly husband was Boston. But oh, my! things have changed. The geometrical female problem indigenous to the soil has been re-enforced by a contingent from New York, and there's as much danger for a man to-day in Boston as there is for one smoking a pipe on a barrel of gunpowder. You never know when or where he'll go up.

I happen to know that there is not a theatre in New York but feels the dampness of a Presidential election year. Somehow it has not affected the East winds of Boston—every blessed one of 'em doing well, most of 'em big. The professionals will tell you they hunger for Boston. The home-made prophet is not without honor in that town.

I couldn't help but think of the little reward creditable native work gets here when I read the flog a New York paper had last Sunday at Fanny Davenport. The youth and beauty of Fanny Davenport was given to brightening the New York theatres. She was the most charming exponent of girlish character that ever went upon the stage. With growing wisdom she gave herself to earnest work, and if ever an American actress labored faithfully and honestly for the amusement of New York she has. She has been a kind and liberal manager. She has presented plays with generosity and ability. She deserves all praise. Mucky foreign show folks come here and all they do is accepted without criticism, but an American woman don't get her own from her own.

One of the funniest sentences, in view of the facts, I ever read, was a criticism of Fanny's costumes in La Tosca. It is to be presumed that the eminent author that wrote the play, the eminent actress who originally played it, knew better than some callow New York lad how it should be costumed.

Fanny Davenport's dresses, cloaks, hats, and their appointments exactly reproduce those worn in Paris, on the first production of La Tosca, and which were retained during its run.

Now, in the name of common sense, where is there a carpet tack to hang a criticism upon?

Well, Fanny Davenport can row her own boat, fight her own battles. She needs no wind of mine in her sails; but it provokes me to see anyone detract from the deserts of a woman who has conscientiously, unceasingly done so much for the amusement and entertainment of her countrymen and countrywomen.

She is a superb specimen of American beauty, ability and pluck. When the time comes to write the great names of the past the American pen will tell in big letters of that splendid creature, Fanny Davenport.

I've lived on top of a Tally Ho coach lately. The pleasant fable of New England cookery has joined the other fables of Santa Claus and the bogey man.

The most desperate and hair-standing hos-

telries to be found are located down East just now. So while I was a part of Dockstader's troupe, Mrs. D. and I sojourned at the Adams House in Boston, and dined at Perkins' Brighton Road place, and tallyho'd it out of town every evening and brought the rest of the boys home from "hard towns small by."

You talk of fun! Out under the stars of a warm Winter night, with those you care to be with, is about as good an imitation of solid comfort as you find nowadays.

It's one of the duties of travelers to test the photograph galleries of each place you visit. When the results of my late trip come in, I shall charter a page of THE MIRROR and show you the variable beauty of your attractive Gusher. One county is heard from. There's a man named Stuart in Hartford who deals more gently with female charms than any artist I know of. There are two artists that dwell far apart, but I advise every professional to try their ability when they find themselves in the fortunate cities in which they dwell: One is Mr. Stewart, of Hartford; the other, Mr. Coover, of Iowa City.

Some of the loveliest pictures I ever saw have emanated from their studios. Now what do you think of a man who can take a photograph of the tired Gusher—who has been parted from her clothes and been confined to one gown and a couple of collars for eight days—who has just suffered the pain of parting with dear friends—who is hankering to forsake work altogether and live on a good time, and make from off the wreck the best picture she ever had—one so gratifying that she's afraid it don't look like her.

That's what Stuart of Hartford has done. She's going to get some hundreds of 'em and send 'em as prize packages to those who care for such a treasure as the mug of

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

## MANAGER KENNEDY AHEAD.

Harry Kennedy, who returned to town on Thursday last, called at THE MIRROR office looking well satisfied with circumstances and armed with every documentary evidence of success.

"I have been out nineteen weeks," said he, "and come back ahead. Lights and Shadows has paid a heavy royalty, paid all salaries and made money. In New Orleans it opened to the biggest kind of business, and in Texas was given the preference by the public over the English melodramas."

"I found that the Western people would at any time rather have a drama of New York than of London life. Our business has steadily grown, and I come back to New York to record a positive commercial triumph in spite of all kinds of black predictions. Mrs. Kennedy has taken an ice-cold bath for 133 consecutive times in spite of frosts and blizzards, and if it hadn't been for the applause that kept her up, I think she would have broken down long ago."

"Mr. Kennedy has every reason to feel proud of his success for Lights and Shadows when it left New York did not warrant any such hopes. But the results show what a plucky and energetic manager can do with a play even when the play doesn't help him. Lights and Shadows has been steadily improved until now Mr. Kennedy claims that it is one of the best money-makers that has been through the Southwest."

## RECENT ENGAGEMENTS.

Lois Sandford has been engaged by E. E. Rice for next season; John E. Kellard for Col. Prescott, in Held by the Enemy; Ralph Howard for Frank Mayo's Southern tour; Lois Arnold for Ranch to company; Frank Jackson for Thad. Wiley, one of the eccentric characters in Jed Prouty; Edwin Parrish for Chas. Verner's company; Ed. White by Annie Pixley; H. H. Forsmen for Chas. R. Gardner's Fate company; R. J. Divilly for A Mid-night Bell; Eugene Canfield three years for Hoyt and Thomas' attractions; T. D. Frawley in The Cavalier company, at Palmer's Theatre, on March 4; Ethel Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Johnson and child, for Charlotte Thompson's company, which opens next Monday night in Louisville for a tour of fifteen weeks through Jacobs' circuit; Harry F. Stone, Charles Eldredge, Harry Pierson, Joseph Coyne, Henry Hoffman, Eugenie Bessner, Alice Coleman and Mrs. Eldredge, have been engaged for Martin Hayden's A Boy Hero company, which opens on Feb. 4, and J. H. Grath, Hart Conway, Charles Tingay, Percy Marsh, William Cullington, E. J. Parker, George Burke, Esther Williams, Ada Boshell and Marion Keith to support Dominick Murray in Escaped from Sing Sing at Forepaugh's, Philadelphia, next Monday night.

## COMFORT FOR VERNAM.

Under the heading In the Courts an account is given of Judge Barrett's decision last Thursday, dismissing the complaint in the action brought by Charles E. Vernam, proprietor of the Morton House, to restrain the Courtland Palmer Estate from trespassing upon his premises while erecting the Union Square Theatre.

In commenting upon the development of the case, ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, the counsel of Mr. Vernam, stated to a DRAMATIC MIRROR representative that Judge Barrett holds that the estate has no right to invade the hotel, unless by Mr. Vernam's consent. As to the verbal licenses claimed by the Trustees, Judge Barrett finds in Mr. Vernam's favor, stating that such claim was inconsistent with the subsequent offer made by the estate to pay for the additional space; and also holds contrary to Judge O'Brien's view, that under the written agreement of May 19, the estate has no right to make such temporary use of the hotel as may be necessary to construct the theatre, but has no right to permanently take any more rooms than were expressly given to them by the written agreement.

The Judge admonishes the estate not to take any space not expressly mentioned in

the agreement, and intimates that it will be time to apply for an injunction when they do.

## A FRAGMENT OF CRITICISM.

The dramatic world has gone by me, as old Sol Gills says, but the pleasant visit to your sanctum to-day has made me "renew my youth like the eagles." By the way I never found a Biblical scholar who could explain this passage. More than a generation ago I gave up my position on the press as a dramatic and musical critic. After my retirement I "did" Rachel for the Boston Transcript in 1853. Since then the absorbing cares of a busy profession have kept my pen idle. I have rubbed shoulders against the dramatic profession, more or less, all my life.

To me actors have furnished the most genial and sympathetic companionship. I have known most of the leading actors for half a century. My recollections of them are among the most pleasing of my life. It would be invidious to particularize, but Edwin Forrest was king of them all in his day, both on the stage and in private conversation. The elder Booth came next in point of time and interest, followed by James E. Murdoch and a host of others I was proud to call my friends. As for clever actresses, I cannot stop to enumerate them. The last and sweetest of them all was Julia Dean. I am not so fortunate in my acquaintance with the actors of the present generation, though I have met some of them and have a pleasant touch-and-go acquaintance with others. I am as fond of the theatre as I was in my youth; but I do not go often, as I am not fond of society plays. In my day the bill was changed every night, and one had an opportunity of seeing good plays and good acting. Now, with here and there a rare exception, the public does not have this privilege. I have tried several nights to get seats for The Inconstant, but all the good places were sold. I wished to see how Mr. Daly's actors would compare with Mr. Murdoch and Mrs. John Drew (Mrs. Mossop that was) in this play.

I have a good dramatic library, and enjoy it greatly. Only the other night I read The Stranger. My old friend John B. Rice, once told me in his green-room, that this play would hold the stage as long as Shakespeare's. Of course, I dissented, but Kotzebue's masterpiece always filled the theatre. Fancy the present generation weeping over Mrs. Haller! *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutantur in illis.*

I see your paper occasionally, and read it with great interest. I like the letter of your new Paris correspondent. It showed that he was on the "inside" and knew what managers and actors want. It was "business" and of great value to those for whom it was written.

Nym Crinkle's letter in your last issue interested me greatly. His dissection was masterly. I seldom read dramatic criticisms with any care, but the Sun and the Tribune's notices of Mrs. Potter and Kyrie Belieu as Antony and Cleopatra were wonderfully well written. The Sun's notice was worth thousands of dollars to the theatre, and the Tribune's analysis of the play and criticism on these performers were of unrivaled excellence. I have read nothing so fine in its way, since Mr. Stuart's criticisms of Edwin Forrest's acting, printed in the Tribune thirty-six years ago.

Your notice of Mary Anderson reminds me of my introduction to her when she first appeared here. We happened to take an oyster supper together after the performance of one of those old standard plays—Fazio, Evadne, or something of the kind—full of pleonasm and platitudes, in which there was nothing in the piece, but all attraction was in the performer.

Eben Plympton was her support. She related an incident that occurred in one of the most tragic passages where, with her back to the audience, she said or did something that almost made Mr. Plympton laugh. Involuntarily I took her wrist and said: "Young lady, do you mean to tell me that you did not feel in that passage of such intense emotion?"

"Not at all," was her reply.

"Then," said I, throwing down her hand, "you will never make an actress."

The public can judge whether I was far wrong.

But the whirligig of time brings about changes. I was urged to see her in The Winter's Tale. I went with the greatest possible reluctance, as my theatre days are practically over, but in this case it was impossible to refuse, as it was urged with such insistence by an old personal friend of the lady.

I liked a good deal of the performance, although the company as a whole was atrocious—all but Antiochus, Antigone, and the lover. Handsome Jack Barnes should hold a silver dollar edgewise in his mouth, or if that wouldn't round his speech he should try the head of a flour barrel.

The Perdita of Mary Anderson was Milton's L'Allegro, and beyond that the refinement on a pastoral dream. And her dance! No words can do justice to it. Her movements were those of a spirit of light momentarily incarnate, to dazzle and bewilder. She charmed *jus'qu'à l'ivresse*.

Her statue scene was a revelation. Familiar as her face and form were to me, I was surprised at her surpassing loveliness; and when the statue woke to life, the looks, acting and words were inexpressibly tender. It will be a life-long remembrance.

These two situations were enough to condone every kind of fault that she might, could or would exhibit. Of her general acting throughout the play I shall express no opinion. To beauty we forgive everything as we do to genius.

W. J. A. FULLER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19, 1889.

THE story, circulated not long ago, that Tony Hart was not provided with proper clothing at the Worcester asylum, where he is under treatment, is false. All the demands that are made for his maintenance upon the fund raised by his benefit at the Academy last season are promptly met by A. M. Palmer, the chosen custodian of the money.

## GLEANINGS.

THE Partners company is idle this week and next.

MILTON NOBLES and company arrived in the city on Sunday from their Western trip, which was remarkably successful. They will take their usual two weeks' rest, previous to a Southern tour, which opens in Richmond, Va., Feb. 4.

THE Horace Lewis Monte Cristo company opens next Monday night under the management of Harry M. Clark. Mr. Lewis will be supported by Fannie Francis, Porter Albee, Clare Steele, George A. D. Johnson, B. H. Pierce, Charles Haynes, E. A. Hamlin, Albert Hedden, Frank A. Barton and Robert Burnett. A. B. Habersham will act as treasurer.

OWING to an unlooked-for change in dates, Harry Hine, manager of Hallen and Hart's Later On company, has the weeks of Feb. 25 and March 4 open. Previous to those weeks the organization plays at the Amphion, Williamsburg, Feb. 4. Star Theatre in this city on Feb. 11, and at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, on Feb. 18.

KATE McDOWELL was married on Jan. 16 to Arthur G. Schlemmer, a New York merchant.

KELLAR, the magician, returns to New York next week after an absence of three years. He will be seen in an entirely new programme, which will probably include a version of the Dis de Bar and Stryker Spiritualism. A number of features outside of the field of magic are also announced. Foremost among these is the Spanish Students, the remaining living members of the famous band of musicians organized in 1870 at Madrid, Spain. Shortis, the comical juggler, and Nana Sahib, the East Indian necromancer. Kellar will probably stay at Dockstader's until Spring.

FRANK HAWLEY, manager for Janaschek, concluded last week, while in San Antonio, Tex., a contract with Gregoria Gonzales, the great Mexican manager, to take a new spectacular play through Mexico for a season of five months, commencing October next. A deposit of \$3,000 was made as earnest and \$2,000 more each is to be placed at the Bank of the Metropolis, this city, before Feb. 1.

MANAGER DANIEL FROHMAN's company at the Lyceum Theatre next year will remain the same as it is at present, with the exception of Charles Dickson and Louise Dillon, who are to retire at the end of the Summer season. The Summer tour of the company begins June 16, in San Francisco and will continue until November, when the organization returns to the home theatre. For the coming Spring Manager Frohman will present a new play which is now being written for the company by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. W. Pinero's comedy, Sweet Lavender, will run to the end of the Winter season, and on Feb. 18, a special commemoration of the 100th night of the play will occur. The production of Mrs. Burnett's play before the company leaves for its Summer tour will carry out Mr. Frohman's desire to produce an original play by a native author each year.

SOME changes have been made by Manager Mart Hanley in the cast of The Lorgaire. Ida Ward is now playing the Widow, in place of Marie Lester, while Charles Coffee is playing the part entrusted to Marcus Moriarty.

ALTHOUGH Pete is in active rehearsal at Harrigan's Park Theatre, and is ready to be put on at twenty-four hours' notice, the probabilities are that it will not be presented for several weeks to come on account of the continued run of crowded houses to witness The Lorgaire.

MANAGER L. N. SCOTT, of St. Paul, telegraphs W. W. Randall, his agent here, that he has secured another theatre, and that he will play all the attractions booked at the Grand, which was destroyed by fire on Monday.

PAUL KAUFAR played in Baltimore at Harris' last week, it is said, to over \$7,000, in spite of the opposition of Booth and Barrett.

A WOMAN presented a complimentary ticket at a concert in Chickering Hall recently and in rather an incisive manner demanded a seat. Being asked to wait a few moments, she became highly indignant, saying, "I am not in the habit of having a reserved seat, when I take the trouble to use a free ticket." The usher politely asked her name and address, adding, "Next time, madame, we will see that you receive a reserved seat, and will send a carriage, also, so that you will have no earthly cause for complaint." The woman looked daggers and threatened to have him discharged, not knowing that she was talking to the manager in person.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT is reported to be recovering rapidly from the nervous prostration, which not long ago compelled him to rest at his home in Orange, N. J. Mrs. Knight informs THE DRAMATIC MIRROR that he went to see a matinee performance of Partners there recently—the piece which he would have been playing in Australia under Williamson's management at this time, had not illness prevented. Everybody will be glad to hear of the improvement in this popular and clever actor's condition.

## AN ENGLISH OPINION.

London Stage.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR, after its wont, has issued a handsomely-designed and highly attractive Christmas Number. It runs to thirty-four large pages, crowded with entertaining matter in prose and verse, and with pictures, sketches and vignettes, and bound up in a stout cover of a very rare kind. Among the contributors are William Winter, who writes pleasantly, if a shade too philosophically, about a holiday spent with Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Frank Marshall and Mr. Ernest Bendall, among the English lakes; Florence Marryat, C. Coquelin, Rosina Vokes and many writers and artists better known in New York than here. For pictorial supplement there is a fine reproduction, in colors, of Virgil Tojetti's Paris Salon painting, "In the Wings." The American theatrical profession has reason to be proud of the Christmas Number provided by its representative journal. THE MIRROR has also had a further special issue—its tenth Anniversary Number. To signalize the occasion, THE MIRROR published an exhaustive review of its work during the past ten years, and accompanied it with portraits and short biographical sketches of the staff, the energetic editor, Mr. Harrison Gray Fisher, having precedence—as all editors should—in a supplement to himself, wherein his good-looking features appeared.



## HOWARD'S TALK.

DO ACTORS MAKE THEMSELVES CONSPICUOUS IN PUBLIC PLACES FOR A PURPOSE? SOME PERTINENT INSTANCES BEARING ON THE QUESTION. ARTFUL DODGES OF THE FEW THAT REFLECT UPON THE MANY.

I was very much impressed by a line of sneer, although possibly the sneer was unintended, in a morning paper. Referring to the people who were seen on Broadway on a bright, bracing day, the reporter gave a list of names, and wound up with "and a half-dozen actors; that is, presumably actors, as they wore fur-lined coats and high silk hats." The inference is obvious, that actors, male and female, make themselves conspicuous in public places, for a purpose.

Is it so, or not?

That the large majority are not open to this charge, I unhesitatingly assert; that the large majority, however, are in the condition that poor dog Tray was, when found in bad company, can be, with equal confidence, assumed. Within a brief period, a very estimable, but much self-advertised, woman sustained a heavy bereavement. She lost a man who was not only her husband and manager, but her devoted comrade and never failing friend. For years he had sung her praises, for years he had evinced, to friends and acquaintances, that he had one object only in life—the advancement of his wife and partner in public and professional esteem. Widespread publicity attended the circumstances of his death and burial, and the fact that his widow attended the services, and in a public place took her farewell of all that was mortal—fainting, crying, and generally making an unfortunate scene—was duly reported and generally commented upon. The following day a clergyman of brains and notoriety sent her a note of condolence, couched in strained though characteristic phrase. The day it was received, it was sent, I don't say by whom, to the newspapers and printed on the following morning.

Why?

Her husband was not known to the public; her grief was a private matter entirely, in no sense a matter of general concern, and, presumably, this letter from the clergyman, although couched in flowery language, was also meant for her private eye. However that may be, whether the clergyman sought notoriety or not, is not the question. The simple fact remains that this letter, written by the gentleman to her, in her capacity as a private person, was instantly sent to the public press, as though it were a matter of any consequence to any person, save herself.

I attended a notable opening recently.

In a box were three women, members of the profession. One sat quiet, as any other lady would, and paid close attention to the business of the stage. She was dressed modestly, richly, neatly. There was nothing *à la carte* about her costume, nothing loud in her manner. The others were dressed richly, showily, conspicuously. They laughed and talked; they moved from one part of the box to the other; frequently they looked at the audience through their glasses much more than they looked at the stage; they attracted general attention, designedly and enjoyably. Had they been women in private life their conduct would have been regarded scandalous. It would have elicited unfavorable comment, and very properly. Being recognized, however, as actresses, the audience apparently regarded their curious behavior as part and parcel of their life.

Is that a fair judgment?

I think not. I think self-respecting women on the stage are like self-respecting women in domestic circles, in stores, in factories, in whatever occupation may, for the time being, enlist their intelligent industry. There were in that audience at least thirty actors, men and women. The three whom I mention were the only three who were looked at, talked of, studied; and yet it would be fair to say that if any of the patrons of that theatre were to speak of, what we are pleased to call, the profession, they would illustrate their idea by reporting the bearing, dress, behavior, of the two, rather than of the other, rather than of the thirty others in the house.

I meet on Fourteenth Street, on Broadway, scores of actors every day.

They are unknown to the public, save by name, and many of them not even in that way. The only peculiarity about them is that their faces, as a rule, are close shaven. Actors in restaurants, cafés, concert halls, and audience whatever, on the street, in public assemblages, conduct themselves, on the average, just as well as other men behave, on the average. The fact, however, that there are boisterous people among them, that there are those who imagine that eccentricity in dress, in the fashion of their hair, in their style of conversation, will attract favorable general attention to them, goes far toward stigmatizing an entire profession, as frivolous, notoriety-seeking, adderated men. That actors "talk shop" more than followers of other lines of work is a fact, but it is a fact that is accounted for very easily. Their atmosphere is very largely personal, their friends are those who make efforts, who endeavor to do this, that or the other, who work in groups, in companies, whose success or failure is an encouragement or a deterrent to them in similar lines. They are literally affected in mind, body and estate by enterprises of which they are a very small part. Do you suppose it makes no difference to the supes in Niblo's Garden whether a great spectacle is a success or a failure? If a success, it will have a run of months, and that means steady employment to them. If a failure, it is liable to be taken off at the end of the first or second week, and they are like straws upon the current, blown here or there without their own volition. And as it is with these humblest, so, as you step into grade after grade of the profession, you find among the subordinates, as well as among the principals, much personal discussion, much shop

talk, and for these very obvious reasons. There is no reason, however, that a man should be distinguished upon the street or public place as an actor any more than a tailor, or a tinker, or a doctor, or a dry goods dealer, or a car conductor. That many of them are, is, perhaps, the excuse for the paragraph which I have taken as a text to-day. If a group of men in a café, oddly costumed, talk in strident tones about the road, about plays and players, about great successes and wonderful achievements, to the annoyance of more quiet, more modest customers, they must expect to be laughed at. They must expect to be classed as odd and queer and among the undesirable of the earth, and particularly if their gossip runs along offensive paths, and they discuss their mishaps and their amatory episodes, another phase of sentiment regarding them and their profession is as certain to be encountered as the rising of the sun on the following morning.

Do you remember Eddy?

You probably don't, but he was a great actor in his line, so earnest and honest in his earnestness as to win not only thunders of cordial applause and a great fortune as well, but the unfeigned regard of thousands upon thousands who never knew him "to speak to," but who knew him on the street by his peculiar costume as thoroughly and absolutely as they know the spire of Trinity Church by its shapely design. Who could see Edwin Booth on the street and not know him to be an actor, or Lawrence Barrett? But would you ever take Billy Florence on the street for an actor? I imagine no one could see Kyrle Bellew, whether on the tail-end of a street car, or in solemn pose in a café, or with a so-to-speak stride on a public thoroughfare, and not be impressed instantly with the idea that he is an actor. You wouldn't take Harry Edwards, with his bluff, open, honest look; nor James Lewis, with his shv, retiring, yet manly bearing; nor Henry Irving, whose countenance gives evidence of scholarly thought; nor Wilson Barrett, with his bounce and push and energetic drive, for actors. John T. Raymond looked more like a Methodist parson than an actor.

But hold on.

What do I mean by saying "than an actor?" Here I am falling into this very bad habit of assuming that an actor has some recognized appearance.

I wonder what it is?

But never mind that. We will stick to the point. No one admires Miss Fanny Davenport more than I. She is the worthy daughter of an honored parentage. She comes of a family whose service to her profession was of the very highest order of universally recognized merit. The Hamlet of E. L. Davenport was as far beyond Edwin Booth's possibilities in that character as his Bill Sykes was, in its terrible naturalness, beyond the Antony of Kyrle Bellew, so far as its present interpretation suggests or discloses. A beautiful woman from her earliest teens, admired, courted, fêted, always a success, one of the chief financial triumphs of her profession, as well as one of its most significant efflorescences, no one could see Miss Davenport without at once recognizing her as an actress. Just so with Kate Claxton, particularly so with Lotta, eminently so with Mrs. Booth. The names of these worthy, and indeed eminent, members of the profession, illustrate a tendency among the very best, either to regard themselves as a peculiar people, or as indifferent to that sort of privacy which other women prize most highly. I can readily understand how Mrs. Booth or Fanny Davenport, failing to receive a cordial welcome when they first appear upon the stage in a new part, might feel chagrin, disappointment, heartache and wonder; yet I fail to see what personal gratification it can be to them to be universally recognized, pointed at, stared at and discussed when they walk the streets, drive in the park, sit in a private box, so called, or do a little shopping. Why a paragraph was sent from somewhere to everywhere concerning a little incident that occurred during a shopping tour of Miss Fanny Davenport, when a more or less impertinent salesman ventured to suggest that a certain kind of parasol would be becoming to her, presumably a stranger, because she resembled "the celebrated actress, Miss Davenport so much."

Now that may have occurred, and it may not.

Whether it did or not, it was sent to every newspaper in the city, and several of them printed it. The public impression seems to be that everybody connected with the stage has an itch for notoriety. Now a desire for public recognition is one thing, but an itch for personal notoriety on the street is quite another. These fur-coated actors, these long-haired actors, these actors who are such "wonderful successes," let them tell it; these actors who are everlastingly posing in public places, making themselves conspicuous by odd attire, are those who cast an undesired stigma upon thousands of men and women who are earnestly striving to earn an honest living, in a reputable and modest way.

Were they really actors?

Yes, I have no doubt they were; but what kind of actors, what grade of actors, would be in its determination another line of thought. The point is, that all men, on the street, in public places, away from their business, are simple men. They are not tinkers, nor tailors, nor actors, nor dry goods dealers, nor clerks, nor writers, but simple, ordinary, every-day, commonplace men, and when they seek to make themselves conspicuous by attire, by conduct, they imitate the well-known Simian, who, the higher he climbed the pole, the more conspicuously displayed his caudal appendage.

See?

HOWARD.

## FIRE AT ST. PAUL.

The Grand Opera House at St. Paul, Minn., was completely destroyed by fire Monday morning at 6 o'clock. The Helen Barry company were to have opened in a week's engagement at the Grand. Fortunately, none of their baggage had arrived at the theatre.

Miss Barry played at night in High School Hall. Arrangements were made at once to build a new Opera House.

Manager Hill said: "I am glad to be able to announce that Miss Barry and the members of her company lost none of their valuable costumes in the St. Paul fire. It was very lucky that the fire took place when the theatre was empty. The advance sale had been exceedingly large and her appearance had been looked forward to with great pleasure. The company will probably fill in its time, commencing at Stillwater. Next Monday Miss Barry will appear at Minneapolis."

## LESLIE HERE AGAIN.

Fred Leslie's countenance was beaming on Monday morning as he greeted the clerks of the Marlborough Hotel and told them of the remarkably good time he had had in Boston.

"I came in Sunday night," said Mr. Leslie to a DRAMATIC MIRROR reporter, "and I don't intend telling you what I think about Boston, simply because I had been there before. The company seemed to like it, though, and as for our business, it was decidedly gratifying. We could have played five weeks longer there judging from the houses, which were thronged. What do you think of \$3,250 for two performances? That is what we played to at the Globe on the first Saturday of our engagement. While I am on the subject I may as well tell you, too, that John Sieton offered to star me, and that I met The Giddy Gusher over in the Hub. What a charming, sprightly woman she is, by-the-bye!"

"Of course there was that old apathetic feeling when we played first. That was sure to assert itself, but we soon got into their favor and shifted that feeling, finishing up to unbounded enthusiasm, which is, I have heard, an unusual thing for Boston people. The engagement went so well that he had to give Wednesday matinees, which was quite an uncommon occurrence for the Boston Globe. As for the honors paid us they were many. I had to make a speech on Saturday night. Nat Goodwin was so good as to give us a professional matinee, which the whole company attended and enjoyed immensely. And the Bostonians proper were particularly entertaining and kind, so that if I had cared to I could have spent all my time in the clubs. I don't know whether I ought to mention him among our entertainers, but on the last night of our engagement in Boston, we had a man in the gallery with a guffaw that broke up the whole house, and robbed me entirely of any honors that might have accrued to me as the low comedian of the show for that evening at least."

"You know, of course, that we stay here until June, but all those reports that are going about to the effect that we stay here later than that, or that we put on another burlesque are, as far as the first is concerned, altogether untrue, while the latter is highly problematical. We will be prepared to put on Faust Up to Date, but if we are to judge by our last fortnight's business in this city I should think that our return engagement of five or six weeks will not necessitate a change of programme."

"We return to England in June and will rest for about five weeks, when we reopen at the Gaiety in London about the end of August in the burlesque of Ruy Blas, which I am now writing in collaboration with Herbert Clarke. Rather difficult collaboration, is it not, with 3,000 miles between us. He submits his ideas to me and I send mine to him. I have already written the scenario and plot as well as most of the lyrics, and there is one little incident in the piece—I can't tell you what it is—that will, I take it, be quite complimentary to the Americans."

"By the way, quite a funny little incident occurred in Boston. I came out of the stage door all muffled up to my chin and almost unrecognizable, I should judge, for the stage doorkeeper, who was being harassed by fully thirty or forty dudes who were waiting about, turned suddenly on me and shouted:

"Come, now, clear out of this!"

"Oh, sir," I whimpered, putting on all the effeminate airs I could. "Do please let me stay. I know one of the ladies."

"Naw, ver don't," said he gruffly. And taking me by the arm with a by no means gentle shove he pushed me among the crowd, who recognized me immediately, and set up a roar that could have been heard squares away."

## FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW.

I am grieved at the presentation of a play like Antony and Cleopatra. It seems a shame that the grand possibilities of the stage should be thus prostituted. There may be some occult moral hidden to counterbalance the subtle, enervating, undermining influence of a play like this—some artistic teaching of which humanity would without its assistance remain in ignorance, but I confess I fail to see it. It is without moral, point, purpose, principle or progress in any direction whatever, save back to the dark ages, of which it is an alluring picture.

It portrays in most fascinating and attractive form the condition of things which has in history ever crowned the financial and artistic success of a nation—a condition of the most effeminate, depraved and reckless sensuality, in which men, losing all taste or desire for business, war, effort or strife of any kind, gave themselves over body and soul to the delights of the senses, not in a gross or vulgar way, but with all the accompaniments of refined taste and luxurious sensuousness. Strife, wealth, art, luxury, decline, seem to mark the epochs in the history of all the great nations of the earth thus far, and it remains for America yet young, poor, pure, virile, to prove itself an exception to the general rule. She is over-young yet to be treated to such a hot-house process of education in this line as she is receiving.

The marital blasphemy disseminated through abominable erotic literature, talked freely in parlors by married people before the young, and accented by the most attractive presentation of old-time vices through the most impressive of all mediums, the stage, are

not calculated to aid the building up of moral sinew in our national body.

A spectacular performance like the Fall of Babylon is reprehensible only in an artistic sense as substituting a physical for an intellectual means of appealing to the emotions. The senses are stirred but not steered downward by its presentation. A Lilly Clay performance on the other hand prods both mind and sense with a bludgeon of vulgar depravity which any half-decent mind can avoid or resist without half trying. The danger flag is hoisted on such a company's head on sight. The evil is branded with coarse red and yellow lights.

In a play like Antony and Cleopatra, as presented by Mrs. Potter and her company, a much greater wrong than either is done humanity. It is as the difference between the work of a common *nymphé du gaze* and that of a beautiful, cultured, elegant, rich, lady libertine, traversing the parlors of the noble and refined.

Humanity is attacked when off its guard, and by an equal, not an inferior force. The senses are lulled to danger, the pores filled with a subtle poison, to which they are but all too susceptible. The harm is done without seeming. Vice is cloaked in honesty's garb. The dessert is placed before the meats on our amusement board. The appetite is cloyed—and that by poison.

The play as stage work is without plea or excuse for its presentation. As an artistic portrayal of the mysteries of human emotion drawn by a master hand, the Shakespearean test may be read with both pleasure and profit by very mature persons in the privacy of their own chambers.

Played as it is at Palmer's it is walking right in the line of the curse of drawing-room married flirtations and scandals, of the work of the Minnesota dive, the gilded metropolitan sense-trap, the overthrust of sacrifice, reason, contentment, desire for work, improvement—everything good or profitable, everything save the inevitable stampede towards death which has marked the latter days of every nation so far which has risen to the pinnacle of worldly success. A greater tribute to the inherent lack of power in the actress can not be offered than the fact that at no moment did she by her acting evoke the applause that is called forth by her mere physical and personal attractions fully displayed in the gorgeous, alluring network illusion of cover which discloses where most pretending to conceal.

Oh, yes! certainly the dressing is true, true to the times—faultlessly, beautifully, artistically true—but we are not in those times and God prevent our hastening back to them on invitation by modern Circes, and it is no favor to our already over-crowded, over-strained, overburdened, over-nervous nation to have such an exquisite piece of viciousness so placed before them. Mr. Anthony Comstock, not plain Mr. May, Antony, should be the hero to parade the magnificent stage, and that with "whips and knotted cords." May our sweet, happy, fresh, virile America be saved from the flabby depravity of all Antonys and Cleopatras and may our beautiful and well-loved stage be purged from their obscene personations.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

## REFLECTIONS.

THE business of Little Lord Fauntleroy at the Broadway increases nightly.

CELIE ELLIS, formerly of the Conrie I Opera company, had a birthday surprise party last Sunday evening at her apartments in the Chelsea.

SAMIE MARTINOT'S appearance at Amberg's Theatre has been postponed until next Monday night.

THE ball to the members of the Gaiety company, which was to have taken place in Brooklyn on Monday night, did not prove to be a success. Principals and chorus both stayed away.

HARRY ROCKWOOD, the manager of William Gillette's attractions, believes in an occasional "shake-up" to enliven things. Last week he shifted his managers about, placing Walter Hudson, the manager of A Legal Wreck, at the head of the Held by the Enemy company, and giving A. H. Varley the post vacated by Mr. Hudson.

PICKWICK, prior to the breach of promise trial, is the subject of a new comic opera by Burnard of Punch and Edward Solomon. It will soon be produced in London.

AFTER its run at Palmer's the spectacle of Antony and Cleopatra will not be seen in this city until next season when it will be produced at the Star for a period of four weeks.

CORINNE is winning praise in the West for her clever acting in Monte Cristo, Jr.

BELLA MOORE, the comedienne, a resident of Cincinnati, and known in private life as Mrs. A. W. Gregg, died on Jan. 16, after several months' illness, from consumption. Deceased was in her twenty-seventh year and had been a star for several seasons, her repertoire embracing Foggy Ferry, Dew Drop and A Mountain Pink. Her professional debut was made at Havlin's in that city, in 1884. The artist's remains were interred at Spring Grove Cemetery.

EARL MARINE, who has become our correspondent in San Francisco, is the dramatic editor of the *News Letter*, the oldest weekly on the Pacific coast.

W. W. RANDALL is a business man. He is now booking for this and next season: The Boston Ideals, John A. Stevens in the Mask of Life, part of Wilson Barrett's tour, Fred. Bryton, Frank Mayo, Mr. Burnes of New York, The Still Alarm, Paul Kauvar, Union Jack, The Tigris, The Exiles, Daniel Randmann, Dockstader's Minstrels, Said Pasha, Among the Pines, The Paymaster, A Brass Monkey, A Tin Soldier, A Hole in the Ground, A Midnight Bell, Edwin Thorne, The Corsair, Evangeline, Webster and Brady's She and After Dark, James O'Neill, Louis James and Marie Wainwright, Jules Levy, and others now in process of presentation for next season.



## LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

LONDON, Jan. 3, 1889.

Though by this time you have probably been well-nigh surfeited with *communiqués* concerning the Lyceum Macbeth, I shall make no apology for devoting the bulk of my space to that subject. At present, theatrical London is, as it were, Macbeth mad. We are rent by factions, whereof some are ready to swear that Irving's impersonation is the best of all possible Macbeths, and others are prepared to go to the stake in defence of their opinion that it is far and away beyond all question the worst. Similarly with regard to Ellen Terry's Lady M. Some say she is no: a bit like it, and never might, could, would or should, by any possibility, resemble the part, even in the faintest degree. Others—and a majority, too—are equally certain that Ellen's Lady Macbeth is a "revelation," and that if it doesn't happen to be exactly what Shakespeare had in his mind when he wrote it, he would have jolly soon altered his opinion had he been permitted to come (down or up, as the case may be) and assist at the famous *première* of Saturday last. But there is one point on which all are agreed, and that is that as a "production" the present revival has never been equaled, let alone excelled.

But if differences of opinion prevail as to the rendition—"rendition" is good—of the leading parts, these are as nothing compared with the fierce war which is being waged as to what Shakespeare did or did not mean in this connection. A new school of commentators seems to have arisen. Their comment has nothing in common with the farthing-candle business satirized by Pope, though it is none the less irritating for all that. The new school take much higher ground than mere verbal criticism. They are such a high-toned lot, indeed, that if they have any reason for the faith which is in them they ought to be able to give poor old W. S. points at his own game. Not only are they cocksure as to what Shakespeare meant by the words which he has set down to be spoken but they are able to inform us what he intended by what he didn't write. According to Shakespeare, Macbeth, while returning from a victorious campaign, was met by three old ladies who put into his head all sorts of ambitious notions which had not previously existed there. When he communicated these thoughts by letter to his wife she completed the work which the weird sisters had begun, and what came of it is beyond even the power of commentators to explain away. But according to Mr. Irving and certain critics and otherwise well-considered essayists this is all a mistake. According to one well-known critic, years before the play began or even the curtain went up, Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth "sat at home in their lonely Scottish fortress and built castles of ambition in the air. With bated breath they discussed the murder of Duncan and pondered how fate would help them in their scheme—the man the victim of imagination, the woman careless of consequence." According to another, "even while routing the Norwegian invaders, the worthy thane was meditating dark projects of crime." But into all these eccentricities of erudition it would take too long to enter here. So merely stopping to remark (1) that the *Daily Telegraph* has successfully "drawn" its readers for a correspondence as to "the real Macbeth"—alike same, "Is Marriage a Failure?" (2) that the *Daily News* and *Globe* have done ditto ditto; (3) that Mr. Comyns Carr has issued a pamphlet setting forth that W. S. intended Macbeth to point "a sexual contrast;" and (4) that the Lyceum is now doing the biggest looking-ahead business ever known even at that theatre. I pass on to give some account of the acting as it appears to yours truly.

Now I hold that I am second to none in admiration for Irving in characters within his grasp, and his grasp is like the junior Weller's knowledge of London—both extensive and peculiar. I regard him as our finest melodramatic and humorous character-actor, and I think some of his Shakespearean impersonations—notably his Shylock, Richard III., Benedick and Iago—the best of which have been seen in our time. On the other hand, I consider his Romeo, his Othello, and—yes, I must say it—his Macbeth the worst of any actor worthy of the name now on our stage. In physique, in voice, in method, in everything almost, he is totally unsuited for Macbeth. Moreover, he has this time, for some mysterious reason or other, gone back to all his oldest and worst mannerisms of speech and gait. Save for an occasional good effect given by one or two intense "points," Irving impresses me with the notion that this time he has no faith in his own performance.

As to our Ellen's Lady Macbeth—well, I must confess, with bated breath and regret, that although I would like to like it (so great a favorite is Miss Terry with me), I can't approve of it to any extent, and that's putting it as nicely as I can. No; she, like Irving, is too slow. She has her fine moments, of course. She couldn't very well help having them; but her Lady Macbeth will not add to her reputation, and that's a fact. Who can fancy the gentle, smiling, winsome and wayward Ellen as the stern and pitiless Mrs. Macbeth? I can't, and so no more of that.

The Macduff of George Alexander, the Malcolm of young Ben Webster, and the Banquo of Wenman are all underplayed, and taken in too slow a time, owing I presume to the way the two principals so often "let it down." The best performances in the piece are those of the Three Witches, represented by Miss Marriott (a fine tragic actress), Miss Julia Seaman (an old-time melodramatic favorite) and Miss Desborough. All three have fine voices which they use with an effect that is refreshing amid so much tameness. The "production," as I have already said, is simply the grandest ever seen even at the Lyceum. The grouping of the guests, retainers, etc., in the gallery of the

splendidly built up castle in the scene where Duncan's murder is first discovered, is a picture that lingers long upon the memory. So also do the picturesque scenery and mounting in the Witches' scenes. The cauldron scene in Act Three changes from a mass of weird and rugged grandeur to a lovely waterscape and is with the groupings and evolutions of the Black, White and Grey Spirits (finely stage-managed by the experienced Loveday) so striking that at the end of the act the curtain has to be raised several times in response to the applause. The dresses, the armor, the "properties," everything gives evidence of vast outlay both of money and time, which, as we know, is also money. Sir A. Sullivan's new music is often impressive, but as far as I am concerned the music of Locke was good enough for my Human Understanding.

It never rains but it pours—except, of course, when it only drizzles. But what I meant was that hardly had the Slaves of the Pen recovered from their Macbethian labors, when hey presto! they were yesterday afternoon transported to the Haymarket, there to see some more Shakespeare. The piece selected by Beerbohm Tree and Co. was happily less morbid than that now "on" at the Lyceum. Not to put too fine a point upon it, we had served up to us W. S.'s written-to-order play, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, surely one of the liveliest pieces its wagish author ever shed upon this planet. The Haymarket company is in itself strong, but for this auspicious occasion several other important players were brought in, and the result was about as fine an all-round cast as could at the present moment be selected. One or two of the parts were perhaps not exactly as Mr. Shakespeare meant them, though what Mr. S. did mean, or whether he ever meant anything at all, or whether he ever wrote anything, or whether he stole his works, as the pedler did his brooms, ready-made, are matters which, for the sake of Mirror readers' sanity, I will not further touch upon, for as the above-mentioned gentleman is by some reported to have written, "That way madness lies."

Beerbohm Tree, like Irving, excels in strong character acting, and in this connection he certainly stands next to Irving for power and intensity. But he is the last man in the world you would choose for Falstaff. He is long and lean, and his voice has usually a sharp metallic sound. But he not only makes up splendidly as Falstaff, but also manages to change his voice for one hitherto entirely foreign to him. All these things considered, his Falstaff is a striking performance, albeit it hasn't that unctuousness one looks for. Mrs. Tree was a nice, sweet Anne Page, and sang sweetly the bit of music Sir A. Sullivan composed for the piece when Phelps revived it with a tremendous cast at the Gaiety some fourteen years ago. Lionel Brough's Host of the "Garter," Edward Righton's Sir Hugh Evans, Henry Kemble's Doctor Caius, T. H. Macklin's Mr. Ford, C. Dodsworth's Simple, Brookfield's Slender, Rose Leclerc's Mrs. Page and Alice Lingard's Mrs. Ford were all marked by considerable merit. Inasmuch as the play affords opportunities for masque and ballet, elves and tricky sprites and what not, Tree has arranged to put it on every Wednesday afternoon during the holidays. Yesterday's distinguished audience included many fine old playgoers and popular theatrical folk from both sides of what irreverent New Yorkers now term "the Soup," and talk was rife during the afternoon as to the great English Falstaff of modern times, Samuel Phelps, and also of the great American ditto, J. H. Hackett.

A committee has just been organized (with F. J. Potter of the Gaiety for its treasurer) for the purpose of arranging a testimonial to Maestro Meyer Lutz, who some time next month will have been conductor of the Gaiety orchestra for twenty years. Lutz is known to many, both in England and America—not to mention Australia—so it is pretty safe to prophesy that the testimonial to this clever and kindly musician will be a success.

Edward Solomon, who has recently become conductor at the Strand, is engaged upon a comic opera and some smaller works, the libretti of which are by F. C. Burnand. Solomon's last new wife, professionally known in both continents as Kate Everleigh, is playing in one of the big provincial pantomimes.

On the 10th and 21st inst. there is to be acted at a public hall in Croydon (about ten miles from the village of London) an "ecclesiastical drama," entitled *The Conversion of England*. It has been written by the Rev. Henry Cresswell (who does not disdain to write sometimes for the regular and more profane stage), and deals with the arrival upon our shores of good old Augustine, who, during the performance, will proceed to convert Ethelbert, King of Kent.

Augustus Harris, manager of the T. R. Drury Lane and other theatres (in the provinces) too numerous to mention, has put up as a candidate for the New London County Council which is to supersede the old Metropolitan Board of Works, the Westminster Aquarium manager. D. de Pinna, a little East-end Jew with a big moustache, has done ditto for sweet as the uses of advertisement. A rumor is going around to the effect that Harris, having a new theatre in his eye, or rather on his plans, will probably not produce another pantomime at the National Theatre, as the Drury Lane house is wont to be styled. Whether this be so or no, I cannot positively say, but the other night Augustus himself communicated to me certain plans which, if not exactly bearing out the above rumor, are as the just-now favorite comic song has it, "Near it—jolly near it."

Simultaneously with the arrival here of *The Mirror* containing my notice of Gilbert's latest "serious" drama, came the news of the sudden withdrawal of Brantingham Hall and the consequent closing of the St. James,

until a fresh piece is ready. So, in spite of Mr. Gilbert's protestations to the contrary, the general press-verdict was, you see, correct after all. Rutland Barrington announces that Brantingham Hall has been withdrawn because it "failed to attract." When he made the same statement with regard to the Dean's Daughter, the authors thereof, Sydney Grundy and T. C. Philips, threatened to bring an action for libel. What I am now wondering is, will Gilbert threaten to do likewise to Barrington, or will he proceed against himself for allowing the withdrawal of his own play, which was backed up by his own money? Time and the law courts will show.

On Monday at the Gaiety, in front of Sims' and Pettitt's burlesque, *Faust Up to Date*, there was produced a new two-act rustic comedy written by Richard Henry, and entitled *First Mate*. As Mirror readers (thanks to your kindness, O Fiske!) know pretty well by this time who Richard Henry is, it will not become me to pronounce upon this piece. It will be sufficient to say that though the audience could scarcely see the stage forfol they received R. H.'s pathetic-humorous little piece with considerable favor. Much of this was certainly owing to the excellent way in which the piece was staged and played. For the first Charles Harris deserves the credit. For the rest honors were divided between Harry Parker, George Stone, Maria Jones, Jennie McNulty and Marie Illington.

GAWAIN.

## IN ARMOR.

If temptation be resisted  
And weakness be defied,  
If I hold to right and honor  
Though my soul be sorely tried,  
If I keep me true from falsehood,  
If I hold me free from shame,  
If my best strength be enlisted  
On the side of honest fame—  
Shall I praise me for my choosing?  
Shall I think myself am strong?  
Shall I laud me for refusing  
All the sweets that go with wrong?  
Not mine own the strength I'm using,  
This thought that safely mailed me,  
This that held when courage failed me:  
"There are those that love and trust me  
And I cannot give them pain!"

E. V. S.

## CUES.

SOLOMON.—Frederick Solomon has composed a number of clear and "catchy" topical and comic descriptive songs. One of them, called "The Fairies," he has recently given at club entertainments and in drawing-rooms with capital effect.

ROBERTSON.—It behooves professionals to guard their health with extra caution this week, for Dr. T. S. Robertson left town on last Saturday night for a brief visit to Florida, where, in Lake County, he owns an orange grove and a sulphur spring, and has an East Indian bungalow in process of construction. The flag on the New York Club is at half-mast during the popular doctor's absence, and Messrs. Hovey, Mora and Leech wear temporary mourning. He will be back, however, next Sunday.

GRAVES.—Gladys Graves, who recently retired from the profession on account of ill-health, will set sail for Buenos Ayres early in February to remain permanently. Miss Graves last appeared in *A Legal Wreck* at the Madison Square.

CAZARAN.—A. R. Cazarán is now confined to his bed and drawing gradually toward the end. His hold on life, considering his age and the nature of his illness, is astonishing. He still takes an active interest in theatrical happenings, discussing them with all his old brilliancy and vigor, and for light diversion he reads Greek tragedies. He has a loving and expert nurse in his devoted wife, who is constantly at his bedside.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## CONFUSED LIGHTS.

To the Editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*.  
SIR.—Your Providence correspondent, in the issue of your paper of Jan. 20, says: "The past week standing room was at a premium, and the orchestra had to give way to the patrons. Harbor Lights was the attraction." The above is perfectly correct, excepting that Beacon Lights was the attraction that turned people away every night. Will you kindly make this correction in the next issue of your very valuable journal? Yours, very truly,

S. H. COHEN.

## A GOOD WORD FOR THE ADVANCE AGENT.

OMAHA, Jan. 15, 1889.

To the Editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*.  
SIR.—In your issue of Jan. 10, that usually generous champion of the stage and its people, Joseph Howard, Jr., handles without gloves the representatives of one of the most worthy branches of its business department—namely, advance agents.

While admitting that there are to a certain extent such evils as he claims, yet his sweeping assertions that the salary of the average agent is but twenty to thirty dollars a week and that he is, therefore, a man of very limited ability, are absurd.

I think I am speaking within the line of truth when I say that the majority of agents are hard-working, faithful, conscientious men, who by virtue of the necessities of their position must be shrewd and energetic, and possessed of original, practical ideas. Such men command and receive proper remuneration for their services.

The agent's task is, however, a thankless one at best. Then why not grant him his just meed of praise instead of taking up the cudgel of ridicule for an unwarranted and unjust attack?

Yours very truly,

ONE OF THE NOBLE ARMY.

MR. FISHER MODIFIES HIS OPINIONS.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Jan. 15, 1889.

To the Editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*.  
SIR.—I must ask you to allow me to qualify a statement I made in my letter in last week's *Mirror*. In referring to "actors losing sleep" I imagine every one would know I meant companies making one-night stands only, and not repertoire companies remaining one and two weeks in towns and cities. But my manager is very indignant and says the profession will put his company in the list of sleepless ones. And he further requests me to say that he allows the members of his company fifteen hours sleep after every performance—which I cheerfully substantiate. If we choose to go to bed, why for the "one-night actors" at present in New York, as he had a letter from J. J. Spies, dramatic agent of the Actors' Fund, to whom he wrote for people, that he (Spies) couldn't get any actor to accept an engagement out of New York for a long

season. If Spies is correct in his statement I say no pity or protection should be shown to such people.  
Yours truly, ALEX. FISHER.

## DENY THE ALLEGATION.

CHICAGO, JAN. 13, 1889.

To the Editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*.  
SIR.—Please do us the justice to correct the misstatement of facts in the last issue of your paper, under the heading of "The Pirates are Still at Work." The statements therein contained could only have come from a person whose knowledge of plays and their origin is as limited as is ignorant of the truth and of what goes to make up a gentleman.

What we produced at our house was *The Mariner's Compass*, a play written before Mr. Burt was known—the play that Hearts of Oak was stolen from. It is not true that we were closed up. We are still running and are doing a fine business.

The lawyer of the parties mentioned called upon us, but we convinced him that we were not interfering with Mr. Burt's rights, and he did nothing about the matter.

Yours respectfully, WALLACE AND REYNOLDS.

MANAGER STERLING SPEAKS HIS MIND.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 11, 1889.

To the Editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*.  
SIR.—The article on play piracy in Minneapolis which you recently published is known to have been written by a local agent to injure this house. You can see what the charges amount to. The right to our Daughter has not been played. The Two Orphans is free, and Uncle Josh is but one of the hundred versions of a countryman's visit to a city. We have produced nearly one hundred stock pieces and the above is the list of "bold pirates" complained of.

I have been more than careful in this matter, have written every manager who owned a right, and when I failed to negotiate, have never attempted the play. All this I have done in the face of the fact that an inferior house has openly produced *My Partner*, *Confusion*, *Ranch*, *The Silver King* and fifty other copyrighted plays without let or hindrance. When I played *Hazel Kirke*, having a certain right to do so, Wesley Sisson was immediately telegraphed for. That gentleman was satisfied of my right, but claimed it was not a valid one, and I paid the royalties claimed. Eight months passed and I produced *The Two Orphans*. This was another "hit," and the "gang" telegraphed to Charles Stevenson in Tennessee, while Rice, who was playing to empty benches, attempted to stop me in hopes of improving his business. I am now playing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Perhaps some shoe-maker will try and stop that.

With the legitimate owners of a play I never had a dispute. But for these jackal managers who claim such pieces as *The Two Orphans*, *The Streets of New York*, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, *Hand and Glove*, and many others that were stock pieces before some of them knew what a theatre was, I have the greatest contempt. They are the same set that a few years ago could give pointers to Captain Kidd on piracy. Very truly W. E. STERLING, Manager.

## A FATHER'S TESTIMONY.

BAY CITY, Mich., Jan. 12, 1889.

To the Editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*.  
SIR.—In your issue of Jan. 1 I find a communication from Eldridge T. Gerry, President, etc., of the N. Y. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. I am not contesting either public or newspaper notoriety, and am fully heart and hand, with any society or person that will alleviate the sufferings of either man or beast. But I cannot permit the communication as published to pass by without comment on my part.

My little daughter has been connected with the stage ever since she was four years of age—two years with the late Frank Chantreau, two years with the younger Chantreau, one year with Joseph Jefferson, prior to little Edw. Winters. At present she is with Rose O'Grady. The assiduous care and attention she has received on the part of the stars mentioned has always been a theme of admiration and commendation. Her education has not been neglected and particular care has been paid to her regimen. Instead of feeling an antipathy or dislike for the vocation, the child's only regret was when the season terminated. I must make special mention of Mr. Joseph Jefferson. During the child's connection with his company the star was particularly attentive, and every member, lady and gentleman, of his company followed his example. Neither my wife nor myself could have bestowed more affection and parental love upon her than was shown by them. She was receiving a good salary, she stayed at the best hotels of the country and her education was attended to in every detail.

I may also add that during the years of her connection with the different companies mentioned she always enjoyed the best of health and in no way contracted any more sickness than a child of her age would be liable to if at home. Your comments in regard to the communication of the S. P. C. C. fully coincide with my views.

My reason for writing you is to prove to the public that the introduction of children upon the dramatic stage has no tendency to destroy their intellectual or moral training, nor even to affect their health in the least degree, as the six years of dramatic life of my child proves. Trusting you will place this communication before your readers, believe me,

Respectfully yours, JOHN MOSES,

Father of Birdie Black.

## MR. AYRES IN A MUDDLE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23, 1889.

To the Editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*.  
SIR.—If I do not always agree with your brilliant contributor, A. C. Wheeler, in matters pertaining to dramatic art, I am by no means sure it is not because he sometimes fires over my comprehension.

"In the first place," Mr. Wheeler says, "it is impossible to think that which does not exist. No human being ever formed a concept of that of which his sensibilities were totally ignorant."

Did Milton's fiery lake, his pandemonium and his paradise exist, save in his thought? Did his sensibilities have any knowledge of his lake, of his pandemonium, or of his paradise?

"An actor is a person," Mr. Wheeler tells us, "who puts imaginary deeds, imaginary character and imaginary sentiments and emotions into words and acts in his own person."

A dramatic author, as I see things, is a person that clothes imaginary deeds, characters, sentiments and emotions in words; in other phrase, the author is a person that is a word-painter of ideal, imagined, things, and the actor is a person that presents these imagined things—these word-painted deeds, characters, emotions, etc., in his own person. The actor's task may be fully described with two words—*see and present*. The more clearly the actor sees the author's thought, as pictured in his words, and the more clearly and forcibly he presents that thought, the greater actor he is. With creating the actor has nothing to do; his act occupies itself solely with *presenting*. First, last and always the actor is a mere simulator, a mere pretender. With neither veritable pains, feelings nor emotions has the actor anything to do; nor is he called upon to act, simulate any pang, feeling or emotion that his author has not painted in colors more or less vivid. The moment an actor improves upon, or adds to, what the author has imagined, he becomes his co-worker.

"In proportion as thought and culture are successfully applied to acting, the actor becomes an artist," Mr. Wheeler says.

Introduce the word I enclose in brackets, and I agree with him; not otherwise.

"Acting may," says Mr. Wheeler, "be the spontaneous exercise of faculties in a child."  
Not so. Acting, simulation, pretense, can never be spontaneous. There can be no acting of what ever sort without an effort of the mind, and the more perfect the semblance of spontaneity the greater the mental effort always will be. When we say a man acts, simulates, pretends, we mean that what he does is the product of design, intention, which is directly opposed to all our ideas of spontaneity.

"Art," Mr. Wheeler says, "is the conscious endeavor of the intellect to realize an ideal."  
Now there can be no such thing as an unconscious endeavor; all efforts of the intellect are conscious endeavors, and all endeavors are more or less intellectual. Further, in an unconscious endeavor there is no art. This definition could certainly be greatly improved.

Mr. Wheeler's syllabus leaves me, Mr. Editor, in as much of a muddle as it found me.

Yours truly, ALFRED AYRES.



# THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PHILADELPHIA.

The past week was remarkable by reason of its activities, and it was utterly impossible to give to each of the new attractions a proper share of attention.

The most important event of the week was the first Eastern production of Richard Stahl's comic opera, *Said Pasha*, which occurred at the Grand Opera House. The huge auditorium was well filled with a representative audience, and some evidently prepared to be pleased, for there was at first a great deal of complimentary applause. But before the performance had progressed far the applause became hearty and spontaneous, and when the curtain fell upon the first act the pleasure of the audience found prolonged expression, and the opera was an assured popular and artistic success. In response to loud calls Mr. Stahl, who conducted the performance, left his place in the orchestra and modestly bowed his acknowledgments in the midst of his co. upon the stage. The same hearty demonstrations continued at frequent intervals during the evening, and when the final curtain went down the happy composer was forced to again present himself and give voice to his feelings. The plot of the opera, which by the way is very light, was given in detail by THE MIRROR's San Francisco correspondent in June last, and need not be repeated here. The book is certainly its weakest part, but fortunately the most easily remedied. Although the text is redundant, it is humorous and entertaining, and at times witty. Musically considered the work possesses high and extraordinary merit. It is full of graceful and most delightful melody. The music is at times reminiscent, but if Mr. Stahl has occasionally borrowed a theme, the elaboration is altogether his own, and bears the imprint of his genius. The numbers, too, have been well arranged to follow each other with pleasing variety. The orchestration is rich almost to prodigality, and proves the composer to be a master of harmony and full of originality. As I have previously stated the opera, considered as a whole, is certainly not free from blemishes. The first apparent fault is the length of the first act, the time consumed in its presentation being nearly one hour and a half, and as about the same time is required for the presentation of the remaining two acts, the work is somewhat out of balance. Another defect is the division of the work into three acts, which is now necessitated by a change of scene which is unnecessary, or if desired could as well be accomplished upon a darkened stage. The effect of such changes would be much more pleasing than the merging of the second and third acts would establish a much more satisfactory continuity. The opera is very prettily staged, but the costumes might well be made richer in material and more harmonious in color. The cast is uneven, but is in the main satisfactory, in some cases notably so. The fault with most of the principals is an inability to act, although this objection certainly cannot hold against Edwin Stevens, the leading comedian, whose acting and singing entitle him to the highest praise, and should win for him a place among the foremost of comic opera comedians. Helen Dingnon sang the music of her role delightfully, and made a most favorable impression, although her singing might readily be improved. Arthur Hammer displayed a resonant tenor voice of good range and rather pleasing quality, but lacking in robustness. Mr. E. M. Dunbar's singing was most satisfactory and his acting quite the reverse. Carrie Godfrey made a very handsome ideal queen and her vocal and histrionic efforts were all of a piece. The chorus was well drilled and effective, and the stage business was very pleasing and showed the direction of a master hand. Altogether the opera is a great success and crowded houses have thus far attested public appreciation. Mr. Stahl has proved himself a composer of rare merit and one whose work will live beyond the present hour. *Said Pasha* is booked for a run of four weeks.

Much interest was manifested in the initial production of Leonard Grover's new play, *A Noble Son*, at Herrmann's Broad Street Theatre, but the result was disappointment, and the attendance during the week was very meagre. It is difficult to fairly assign causes for this result, but the responsibility should be divided between the co. and the audience. The story of the play, which is the tale of a noble son, the noble son, a dramatic structure, who has changed his name after taking upon himself the burden of a crime, which he believes was committed by his father, the Rev. James Hunter. The father, who was really innocent, believed his son guilty, but his belief was changed by the discovery of the real culprit, but of this the son remained in ignorance. Deceit, murder, and the villainous stepfather manages to separate the couple and procure their divorce. Another marriage is arranged for the heroine, which is happily interrupted. The stepfather is proved to be a bigamist, and is identified in the end with the separation of father and son. Of course the drama ends with the reunion, and the drama has a happy ending. In the rendition the best work was done by Miss Johnston as Daisy Dummer, a serio-comic, and by Samuel J. Browne as the Rev. Mr. Hunter. E. J. Buckley gave a forcible portrayal of the role of the noble son, Franco Duggan, but as the play was made to order, and was a dramatic success, when transferred to Mr. Buckley, to be a merit, a state of affairs scarcely derogatory to his dramatic abilities. The play has considerable merit, but is of strange construction. The first act is simply farce-comedy, the succeeding acts are melodramatic and consequently mediocre. In the first act Franco Duggan is either a drunk or a madman, and his eccentricities, his remarkably absurd theory of dramatic art, and his still more absurd conduct make him but a sorry object around which, in the subsequent acts, to gather the sympathies of the audience. In the midst of the farcicalness of the first act, the Rev. Mr. Hunter indulges in a series of incoherent length and painful incoherence. The wife becomes in the end the author of her own misfortunes by yielding too readily and without sufficient motive to the efforts made to separate her from her husband. She exhibits heartlessness, too, by deserting her husband on the anniversary of their wedding, and when she has spent his last money in purchasing material for a cosy dinner, which she is preparing. This husband and wife both forfeit their claims to sympathy, and the audience feel but little interest in their resultant troubles. I fear that the defects of the play are without remedy, and that its career will be brief. This week, Thomas Lane in *Richard III.*

In the midst of the advance in prices, Harry Anderson drew crowded houses at the Chestnut Street Opera House, where she appeared in *The Winter's Tale*. The stage pictures were pretty, and Miss Anderson possibly added somewhat to her already high reputation, but she was not always satisfactory, and her co. was worthy of but little praise. She remains another week.

That mass of improbabilities, *Pandemonium*, drew good houses at the Chestnut Street Theatre, a result, due, most probably, to the excellence of the co., for the play itself was certainly of little interest and, dramatically considered, deserved but slight comment. However, although it created no sustained interest, it was at least entertaining, and rendered especially so to the co. as a whole and individually. This week E. A. Rothen in *Lord Chumley*.

Annie Pixley produced at the Walnut Street Theatre her new play, *Second Floor*, and had every reason to be satisfied with the result, as the play proved to be very entertaining and well suited to her, and the house was constantly crowded. The comedy, which is by George H. Jessop, is described as a modern comedy of errors, and bears upon the resemblance of twin sisters. Miss Pixley played the dual roles with remarkable skill, happily contrasting the dignified matron, Mrs. John Ellis, with her vivacious sister, Flora Petherston, actress by profession. The support was good. This week, Louis Jones and Marie Wainwright in *Repertoire*.

At the Arch Street Theatre, Annie Vokes presented a number of her familiar and pleasing plays, and drew large houses. This week, Willis Henderson and Ten Broeck in *Two Old Crones*.

The *Romany Rye*, presented by a capable co., crowded the National Theatre. This week, My Aunt Bridget.

Carrie Tutin in *Struck Gas* did very well at the Standard Theatre. Miss Tutin was cordially liked by her audiences and the play was received with favor. This week, Hyde's Specialty co.

At the Central Theatre Harry Kernell proved as attractive as of yore. He was surrounded by clever performers and the entertainment was of more than

average merit. This week, Reilly and Wood's comb.

As but few comedies are presented at Foranpaugh's Theatre, Corner Grocery proved an agreeable novelty and drew large houses. This week, The Corcan Brothers.

Carnerosa's Opera House was again well filled all the week. A change of bill occurs this week. Item: The Said Pasha co. generously goes to Washington 23, and will present the first act of the opera at the benefit entertainment of Washington Lodge of Elks. The co. will return in time for the evening performance here.

### CHICAGO.

Erminie continues to draw large and fashionable audiences to the Grand. Francis Wilson has been out of the cast for a week owing to sickness, and his part has been played by Mr. Maffin. Wilson will resume his place in the cast this week. It is likely that the opera will run for the next two weeks to splendid business.

The Crystal Slipper is filling the Opera House, and the present engagement is fully up to the original season in receipts. The spectacle seems to improve with age. The same bill this week.

At Gentry's, where Frank Daniels played a return engagement in *Little Puck*, an excellent business was done. The comedy had the advantage of a lot of clever people, Beatie Sanson and Alfred Martini being very good. This week, *A Hole in the Ground*, said to have been greatly improved in incident and strength of cast.

James O'Neill in *Monte Cristo* had a prosperous week at the Columbia. This week, Margaret Mather in *Romeo and Juliet*, Leah, Honynson and Lady of Lyons.

The aquatic drama, *A Dark Secret*, closed a very successful two weeks at McVicker's, the strong cast making the play a most interesting spectacle. This week, the Redmond-Barry co. in *Erminie*.

N. S. Wood in *Waltz of New York* did a tremendous business at the People's. This week, Rueben Glue, a new sensational Yankee play, which made a hit in the East. She, 24.

Clever Mattie Vickers had a week of good business at Baker's. She remains another week.

Lights and Shadows, a melodrama by Charles S. Gayler, held the boards at the Haymarket and business was good. The co. was above the average and helped greatly to make the piece tolerable. This week, After Dark, by the Webster-Brady co.

Zozo the Magic Queen was popular at Jacobs' Academy and drew good houses. This week, *Streets of New York*.

A. Horne's new play, *Drifting Apart*, is an admirable piece of work well acted and the veteran actor was welcomed by first-rate audiences at the Bon-Ton. This week, John A. Stevens in *Mask of Life*.

At the Windsor the Gray and Stephens co. in *Old Oaken Bucket* had a large week's business. His *Natural Life* this week.

Henry the Great drew large audiences to the Criterion. This week N. S. Wood.

### CINCINNATI.

Rose Coghlan in *Jocelyn* closed a remarkably successful week's engagement at the Grand, 10th. The fair artist's role is heroic to an intense degree, and enthusiastic recalls were nightly in order. The play was both excellently cast and staged. This week, Prof. Hermann, *Shadows of a Great City* and *My Mystery*, *Cremation*. Jim the Penman 24.

*Le Voyage en Suisse* was made nightly at Heuck's past week, with Ed Hanlon and Thos. W. Ryley respectively as John and Bob. Emily Bancker's Juliette, Richard Jones' Tippi and Eugene O'Rourke's Patrick McGuire were especially notable features of an unusually satisfactory cast. The piece has been improved by the introduction of several new pieces of stage business, and the perilous table drop from the ceiling in the third act has been eliminated from the performance. That jolly laugh of Richard Jones is one of the most attractive features of the entertainment. This week Kate Claxton, in *The World Against Her*. The Clara Louise Kellogg, *Grand Opera* co. week 27.

Several novelties were introduced past week at Havlin's during the engagement of Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels which terminated 19. The Shakespearean first part, Thatcher's clever topical song "Done Up" and Barney Pagan's Grand Review scored pronounced hits. This week Dan Reilly in *Dr. Hiram*, *Shadows of a Great City* 27. At Harris' Bin's melodrama *Lights of London* was creditably enacted past week with excellent results from the box-office standpoint. Villainy reigns supreme until the final act, when virtue makes her debut and receives the medal. All's well that ends well is evidently the motto of the production. This week, Capt. Jack, *Dr. Davidson* in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. *Romany Rye*.

Burr Oaks, which constituted past week's attraction at the Standard Theatre, was sufficiently sensational in all its surroundings to enlist the attention of the frequenters of the house, and the attendance was above the average. The piece was well staged, and the cast was excellent. In *Pond*, a piece was markedly averted at Harris' Bin's 27. A recently enacted law whereby compelled to make public a list of unclaimed deposits reveals the fact that poor dead and gone Barney Macaulay had \$60 to his credit in the Merchants' National Bank of this city.—The Cincinnati Lodge No. 5, E. P. O. Elks, will proceed to the election of an Eastern ruler, over J. M. Madden, resigned.—A piece was markedly averted at Harris' Bin's 27. The score was occasioned by a drunken gallery attendant and a disastrous stampede was only prevented by the most energetic measures. The score occasioned a delay of thirty minutes or more in the performance.—Manager George E. Turner of the Standard will be tendered a benefit latter part of present week.

### BALTIMORE.

At Harris' Academy of Music Joseph Haworth in the title role of Paul Kaurer gave a manly and forceful performance of the part and with commendable good taste avoided the many opportunities to rant that it offered him. Charles Vandenhoff as the Duc de Beaumont, the incarnation of the polished, dignified French nobleman of the time, with all the prejudices of his race, his easy grace and charm of manner. The reading of his lines was a treat and his make-up and costuming a study. Ralph Delmore made a sufficiently villainous Gourot. Carrie Turner was in every respect an ideal Diane. Sweet and sensible at all times, she was particularly effective in the stronger scenes of the play; in the third act when she discovers her father and goes back to the friends of her dead husband, she was at her best. Lizzie Rochelle in the small part of Nanette was very clever and gave promise of better work in future. The scenery was effective and Paul Kaurer's dress at the end of the first act was startlingly realistic. The engagement was financially a great success. The house was packed at every performance and the latter part of the week the standing room sign was in the lobby before the curtain went up. Rice's Corsair is the current attraction. Cora Tanner in *Corsair* next week.

At Ford's Opera House the attendance during the engagement of *A Legal Wreck* was good and the audience very cordial. It must be admitted, however, that the piece was something of a disappointment; if it were in the hands of any other than the good co. now playing it, it would be rather stupid and dry. Sydney Drew, as Merriam, is the *dux ex machina* of the play and makes us sorry that we do not see more of him. *Pandemonium* began a week's engagement on Monday. Next: Herrmann.

At Albion's Holiday Street Theatre the Booth-Barrett engagement was in every respect a perfect success. The houses have been the largest of the season, numbers of people coming over from Washington to attend at each performance. The Boston Ideas appear in a brilliant repertoire this week.

At Monumental Theatre Rose Hill's *Engage Folly* co. has been playing to good houses this week and giving a burlesque and variety bill, no better and no worse than the average. Irwin Bros. Specialty show this week.

Henrietta Barlier at Foranpaugh's Temple Theatre in *The Romance of an Actress* had a fairly successful week. *Play Crowds* during the current week will give a repertoire that includes *Infatuation*, *Ingomar* and *May Blossom*.

At Front Street Theatre the usual good fortune attended Annie Oakley in *Deadwood Dick* last week. The houses were large and wildly enthusiastic. The drama was of the usual frontier type, with villainy thwarted, virtue rewarded and gunpowder unlimited. The star, however, was not George E. Atkins and Edith Crollins in *The Ranchman* this week.

ITEMS: The Fifth Avenue Comic Opera co. bring

out at the Lyceum this week a new comic opera entitled *A Royal Tramp*. The book is by William Gill and the verse by Charles Fennell.—J. E. McFarland, late of the First National Bank of Indianapolis, Ind., is now connected in official capacity with Harris' Academy of Music.—The remains of Rosalie A. Booth, sister of Edwin Booth, were interred in the family lot in Greenmount Cemetery on Friday afternoon. There were no pall-bearers. A short funeral service was read by Rev. Peregrine Wroth of the P. E. Church of the Messiah.

### ST. LOUIS.

Disney in *Adonis* played to large business week ending 21. The costumes are rich and the settings of the stage are fine. Yeomen of the Guard 24 week; Kate Claxton 21 week.

Siberia opened at Pope's to the S. P. O. sign, and business has been large all week. The costumes and scenery are fine. The tableaux at the end of each act were enjoyed. Forrester Robinson as Nicolai gave a strong characterization of the role. Chas. Prew as the comic servant was good. Eleanor Moretti as Sara was equal to all demands. Frankie McClellan as Vera was warmly welcomed by old-time friends. The balance of the co. equal to their roles. Lizzie Evans 14 week; T. P. and W. W. Minstrels 24 week.

A Boy Tramp did a fair business at the People's. The name is forbidding; with that changed and a stronger cast it would be a paying entertainment. Mrs. Neville as the maniac mother was good, and Augustin Neville in the role of Jack Sharpe proved a fair comedian. Lost in London 14 week; Hearts of Oak 21 week.

At the Standard Australian Novelty co. to good business, week 12.

ITEMS: Will J. Duffy is here representing Lizzie Evans.—The ball of the Theatrical Mechanical Association was a success. The Casino co. is booked at the Olympic and will appear shortly in Nadij.—Josie and Lulu Nichols, of the Adonis co., of natives of this city.—Frankie McClellan, of Siberia co., is remembered as the soubrette of the old Olympic stock co.—Charles Atwood is here in advance of The Yeomen of the Guard.

### LOUISVILLE.

The Yeomen of the Guard was heard for the first time this city during the engagement of the Aronson co. at Macaulay's. As rendered by the members of this first-class organization the opera made a most favorable impression. Mark Smith, J. H. Ryley, C. J. Campbell and Katie Gilbert, all old favorites, were warmly welcomed. Hoyt's *A Hole in the Ground*, fills out the week with every prospect of big business. Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels follow.

Murray and Murphy filled the usual three nights' big engagement at the Masonic and their entertainment is as amusing as ever.

Walter S. Mathews, a young man of this city, made his debut 17 in *Othello*, appearing before a very large audience. Taking everything into account he has done very well. He has an easy stage presence, fine features and a magnificent voice, the use of which he has yet to learn in order to accomplish the best results. His reading is intelligent and natural, and his conception of the character of the Moor, while in no way original, is yet fashioned after the best model. He appears, in fact, a man who, besides being a good actor, is well pleased in the extreme. Mr. Mathews has a fine costume, judicious advisers, youth, energy, ambition and unlimited financial backing. He appears as Richard and later goes on tour. A Possible Case 21.

Don't Bully has literally turned people away from Harris', where he has been presenting *A Corned Grocery* and *Daddy Nolan*. Nothing in praise of this clever Irishman need be said, for he is known to all. Next week, *Lights of London*.

The Night Hawks are filling a successful week at the Buck. A good variety bill is offered. Next week, The Oriental, said to be a strong attraction on the vaudeville order.

ITEMS: Georgia Davids occupied one of the stage boxes at the Mathews debut.—John W. Norton is receiving congratulations upon the favorable showing made by Walter Mathews, his pupil. His work in support was also highly praised by the local critics. Franky Kate Gilbert made a hit in *The Yeomen of the Guard*. A. W. Tamm, stage manager of the same co., is also an old favorite here. It is a pleasure to note that he no longer tries to act. He was once one of the features of the Abbott co.—Morris Warner, who left here some months ago ahead of Lillian Lewis, is now an editor of a Texas newspaper.—Frank Lawson, the whistler in *A Hole in the Ground*, is an artist. Disney comes to Macaulay's in *Adonis* 29. It will be his first professional visit to Louisville since the historic Evangeline helter dither.

John G. Richie will manage Mathews on tour. He is a man of experience and business tact.—The announcement that in the future THE MIRROR will arrive earlier in the week than heretofore is received with general satisfaction.

### BROOKLYN.

Business at the Park Theatre last week was large. Robert Buchanan's mutilated version of Daudet's *Sidonie* was the attraction. Alexander Salvini's work as Burgfield is deserving of great praise, although it was rendered partially ineffective in the fourth act (which ought to be the strongest of the play), and wholly so in the fifth by the clumsy work of the adapter. Maude Harrison, in an utterly American part, did well what she had to do, and Katherine Rogers played her role for all it was worth, which was not much. The staging of the play was particularly good. This week's attraction is the London Gaiety co. in *Miss Emmerald*. It will be followed next week by Rice and Barton's *Corsair*. The Fugitive, which is not at all a bad melodrama, and in played by a really strong co., under Proctor and Nugent's management, did quite well at the Grand last week. The patrons of this popular house seem to prefer melodrama, and its stage is admirably adapted for the production of such plays as *The Fugitive*. This week, Roland Reed.

Alice Harrison and a fair co. interpreted Mam'zelle at the Brooklyn last week, and drew a series of good audiences. Although her role was quite equaled by the lamented Aimee, for whom the play was written, in the title role Miss Harrison does some very clever work, and deserved all the applause she received. This week a more or less elaborate revival of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

J. J. Dowling and Sadie Hanson in the somewhat American play *Claim Picked*, Criterion audiences last week. Business, while not large, was good. This week, The Wilbur Opera co.

A succession of crowded houses witnessed the performances of the clever people making up Hyde's Big Specialty co. at Hyde and Behman's Theatre. This week the Nelsons will, no doubt, do quite as well.

At the Standard Museum, J. H. Hazleton in *Knockout* satisfied the sanguinary cravings of the patrons of this always well-filled house. This week, W. H. Richmond.

McCaull's co. is at the Academy of Music all this week in *The Lady or the Tiger*.

### PITTSBURG.

During the week which was brought to a close 19, Herrmann was at the Grand Opera House where he played to good business. Kate Castleton was seen at the Bijou in *A Peder Doll* and she also did well. Rice's Vanderville comb. played to packed houses at the Academy and One of the Finest made money at Harris'.

This week we have Fanny Davenport at the Grand Opera House, Gillette's She at the Bijou, and Romany Rye at Harris'.

ITEMS: Harry Williams' comb. played McKeesport, Pa., 24, to good business.—Handsome new storm doors have been placed in the Grand Opera House entrance.—Manager Wilt and Herrmann's benefit for the Wood Street sufferers proved a success.—The Elks' benefit, which will take place at the Bijou Feb. 6, promises to be a great success.—Marc Elmer is here ahead of Fanny Davenport.—Ed Locke, the comedian, was here 27.

### JERSEY CITY.

Large audiences and general applause marked the engagement at the Academy last week of the Lyceum Theatre co. in *The Wife*. The play is not intrinsically strong and can only be made interesting by a strong presentation. The credit for it belongs to the co. rather than to the authors. The parts were well sustained and the interest of the audience maintained throughout. The scenery and stage settings left nothing to be desired. The house is occupied during the present week by Annie Pixley

and co., the star appearing in *Zara*, *The Deacon's Daughter* and *Wife*.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

Jan. 15, 1896.  
The second week of the Carleton Opera co. was devoted to *The Queen's Lace Handkerchief*, and the dainty opera was given in an excellent way. Mr. Carleton himself acting the character of Cervantes creditably, and singing the airs allotted to him excellently. As though Strauss did not furnish him enough, he interpolated the *Toreador* song from *Carmen* at the beginning of the third act, and sang it fairly, though the fire and passion of the South were lacking. Mr. Carleton is thoroughly Northern, and fails in the fervid. In looking at his perfect figure dressed in white tights, I could liken him only to a Greek god of mythology—the Apollo Belvidere, for instance. But I desist, for fear I shall make him blush. Clara Lane, as the Queen's confidante, Irene, carried the honors of the opera on the opening night, singing and acting in a sparkling manner; but she was taken ill after the performance, and Rose Beaudet essayed the character the rest of the week, and was fairly successful. C. H. Drew as the King's tutor did his best to be funny; but it was perfunctory fun at the best, the author not giving him an opportunity for much of it. Alice Vincent as the Queen was reasonably good, though a bit heavy in manner. She did better after Monday night, when not compared with Miss Lane, which is said with due respect to the powers and attractions of both. They are so utterly unlike that the characters assumed must be contrasted strongly to allow them both to shine. Jay C. Taylor as the King, K. Murray as the Premier, and Clara Wisdom as the Marchioness, all did well.

Mazum continued at the Grand Opera House. A Night in Venice also at the Tivoli Opera House. A Noble Rogue likewise at the Alcazar. Moore's All-Nation Specialty co. as well at the Orpheum.

Jeffrey Lewis presented *Let Astray* at the Standard Theatre, and appeared to better advantage than in either of the works given previously. Her strong parts seemed less strained and stilted, and her pathetic scenes more natural and accented with greater feeling. In the support may be included as of special mention, Henry Mainland as Rudolph, J. J. Wallace as Hector, Frank Peters as George De Lesparre, James H. Griffith as Major O'Hara and Ida Aubrey as Mathilde.

CHATEAU—Modjeska has already arrived from the South, and is domiciled at the Occidental. Rehearsals of *Cymbeline* will begin immediately. She has in her support her leading man of three years ago—E. H. Vandenberg—who, forsaking the stage, has become leading man at the Boston Museum, and who was diagnosed because they kept him playing a third-rate character nearly all the season—that of Lieutenant Kingsley, in Harbor Lights. But it was the leading character, and the Museum management was scarcely to blame because the theatregoers of the South flocked to the Museum, and the president to see so stupid a play.—The Madrid Spanish Opera co. will be here 24. Marcus M. Henry the local manager of the co., is happy and jubilant.—I met Alfred Wilkie, the opera singer, a few nights ago in the Baldwin, and had a chat with him about times old and new. Mr. Wilkie, while almost considered a Bostonian, where his family now resides, is really English-born, and passed many of his early years of his life in Australia, where I believe he made his first appearance in grand opera. But that has nothing to do with the story he told, which has a more piquant flavor as coming from Boston, you see—Boston, so staid, so proper, and so virtuous. Eh? Don't interrupt me, please! It seems that a junior Wilkie, living in Boston, is beginning to attend school, and, presumably to keep him out of mischief, the teacher gives him some kindergarten exercises in drawing and tells him if he does not do them well he will be kept after school. He did very well with some of his preliminary drawings, and the teacher kept giving him harder and harder to do each evening. One afternoon the boy, who is about six years old, came home and said to his mother: "O mother! I had such a good time to-day, and had a splendid drawing lesson. At first I thought the teacher was going to give me an awful hard lesson; but at last he gave me a real easy one and I filled the slate full in no time. Oh excuse me, mother," he said suddenly, breaking in on his story in a contrite and scared way, "the teacher's mother's eyes bent on him with a surprised look. So do our children learn the wicked ways of the world before we are aware of it. But he ought to have seen the sparkle in his father's eyes as he told me the story in the Baldwin lobby. He looked as inquired as though singing a tenor aria from *The Messiah*.—Lillian B. Peters, actress, and president of the Chopin Club of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, has located here, and expects to form a similar club in San Francisco to afford study in musical art, and to arrange occasional concerts.—Lavinia Shannon, a Pacific coast actress, is a cousin of the Earl of Dunraven. The Concord Opera co. is an early attraction at the Bush Street Theatre after its reopening.—Charles E. Hamilton, formerly New York World, and now in advance of Camilla Urso, arrived in the city a few days ago.—The Louise Pyk subscription concerts which have been arranging for some time will take place at Irving Hall Feb. 1 and 2. Madame Pyk will be assisted by Mary C. Barnard, Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Pictan, J. H. Rosewald, Alice Bacon, and Weigel.—Nevada, a California idyl, will be given by the Pandora Club at Mission Opera Hall 26.—Local composers' day of J. H. Rosewald's orchestral matinees brought out the following original compositions: Concert overture, Fred. Zech, Jr.; Adagio (Suite, E. minor), John Parrott; Fantasia for Violin (Suite), Louis Heine; Barcarole (Suite), J. H. Rosewald; J. D. Redding; Introduction (Le Pompadour), R. Lucchesi; Gavotte (Sweet Marguerite), J. C. Song; Dance of the Elves, Romandy; Marche d'Église, J. H. Rosewald. Some of the works were creditably indeed—notably those by Mr. Parrott, Mr. Servais and Mr. Rosewald. Mr. Heine is a fine violinist, though his instrument was lacking in tone, rich tone.—I have been on the coast a little less than a year and a half, and only since Spring have been much familiar with dramatic matters local; but I feel a sort of local sorrow at the breaking up of the Alcazar Theatre co. by the going East of L. R. Stockwell to appear in *A Midnight Bell*, and the going with Mr. Stockwell to the scenes of his triumphs here, and Mr. Osborne may not be so well known away from the coast, while Miss Brandon will never have warmer admirers than here.

### NEW ORLEANS.

Marie Prescott and R. D. McLean closed a successful week at the St. Charles Theatre with *Ingomar*, *As You Like It*, *Merchant of Venice*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Richard III.*, and a double bill, consisting of *Pygmalion and Galatea* and *Taming of the Shrew*, were presented during the engagement. At the matinees, *Ingomar* and *Romeo and Juliet* were given. Mr. McLean has improved in his acting very much, but there is room for more. He has everything in his favor—youth, a handsome face and form, a splendid voice—and it will not be long before his merit is recognized and his name placed in the list of great tragedians. Marie Prescott is well known here as a versatile and competent actress. The support is good. Gabe Santini deserves mention for some excellent work.

At the Grand Opera House Arthur Rehan's Comedy co. did well in *Nancy & Co.* The same co. will be seen this week in 7-23 and *Love in Harness*. Lotta next.

Charles H. Hoyt's "first offence." *A Bunch of Keys*, was seen at the Academy of Music. The piece has been played here so often that the business done was surprising. Spenser's *Little Tycoon* this week.

Jules Grau's Comic Opera co. returned to the Avenue Theatre and finished a paying engagement 19. The week was opened with *The Black Hussar*. Monte Cristo, with Aiden Benedict as the bright and particular star, was the attraction at Paranta's. Good business.

Faust, Roland Roncevaux, Mignon and Freischütz composed the week's bill at the French Opera House.

The usual weekly change was made at Robinson's Dime Museum.

CAUTION: The rumor that a syndicate of capitalists had purchased the French Opera House is a fact. The transfer was completed last week. The buyers are wealthy men of the city, with Frank



city fair business. Repertoire comprised Pearl of Savoy, Galley Slave, Fanchon, Queen, East Lynne, Daughter of the Regiment and Octoroon. Miss Gage goes to Dickinson for three nights, and thence to the coast.

## FLORIDA.

**PENSACOLA.**—OPERA HOUSE (R. F. McConnell, manager): George Wilson's Minstrels to standing room only. Performance of the American Opera in 11. McCabe and Young's Colored Minstrels to a crowded house 14. The performance was very indifferent. Amateur presentation of Esther, a cantata, to a large and delighted audience 16. PERSONAL: Bert Davis, of Wilson's Minstrels, who has had a severe attack of pleurisy, is out again, and will rejoin the company at Montgomery, Ala. 23.

**JACKSONVILLE.**—PARK OPERA HOUSE (J. D. Burbidge, manager): Lotta 16, well supported, in Pawn Ticket 210 to a crowded house. Generous applause greeted the little favorite, who appears as charming and vivacious as ever, though somewhat voice. Due: Oliver Byron 23, 26.

## GEORGIA.

**AMERICUS.**—GLOVER'S OPERA HOUSE (G. W. Glover, proprietor): House dark last week. George Wilson's Minstrels 22; Ealy and Bricker Operatic Novelty co. and Souvenir Carnival 22-26.

**MACON.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (H. Home, manager): The largest house of the season greeted Lotta 17 in her new play, Pawn Ticket 210. Support only fair. We do not understand why Lotta should advance prices here. We often see better attractions at the usual prices.

**COLUMBUS.**—SPRINGER OPERA HOUSE (Theodore M. Foley, manager): East Lynne was presented to a fairly good audience at Gray 15.

## ILLINOIS.

**QUINCY.**—OPERA HOUSE (Dr. P. A. Marks, manager): The largest and most fashionable audience of the season greeted the American Opera in 11. Trovatore 14. All the leading parts were taken in a very satisfactory manner. The orchestra, under leadership of Gustav Hinrichs, was a feature of the performance. Due: Lizzie Evans 18, 19; Bill Nye 21; Gray and Stephens' Dramatic co. 24-26.

**GALESBURG.**—NEW OPERA HOUSE (Bailey and Winans, managers): Lizzie Evans and her excellent co. appeared in The Buckeye 14, and highly pleased a large house. A most enjoyable performance. Booked: A Postage Stamp 16; La Dolce Vita 16; Dawson's Dramatic co. 22-26; P. F. Baker 22. The grant Feb. 15. Around the World in Eighty Days 6; Julia Marlowe in The Hunchback 14.

**SHREVEPORT.**—OPERA HOUSE (Philip Parker, manager): The Beth Somerville Dramatic co. opened a week's engagement to fair business 14. Beach and Bowers' Minstrels Feb. 8.

**JOLIET.**—OPERA HOUSE (R. L. Allen, manager): N. S. Wood in Waifs of New York to the capacity of the house 12. Mr. Wood as Willie Rufus, a New York bootblack, and Ada Morton as Alice Baldwin, were excellent. Balance of the cast about the average. Newton Beers in Lost in London to large business 15. The star was supported in a very able manner by Florence Campbell and a good co. Mechanical effects very fine. Harry Gilfill, "the man with many voices," was an interesting item of the performance.

**OTTAWA.**—SHERWOOD'S OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Hodgkinson, manager): Newton Beers in Lost in London pleased a large audience 16. Specialties very good.

**STREATOR.**—PLUMB OPERA HOUSE (J. E. Williams, manager): Lizzie Evans with a very capable supporting co. made her first appearance here 15 in The Cherub. She was but a short time in ingratiating herself into the confidence of her audience. Business good. Florence Hamilton 14-16.

**BLOOMINGTON.**—DURLEY THEATRE (Fell and Perry, managers): Frank Daniels in Little Puck to capacity of the house 12; entire satisfaction. Storm Beaten to a fair-sized audience 14.

**CANTON.**—OPERA HOUSE (C. N. Hinkle, manager): Maude Banks presented Ingomar, Leah the Forsaken and Lady of Lyons to crowded houses 10-12. The first of these and gave the best of satisfaction. W. J. McAllister's Pat. Muldoon's Comedy co. to good business 15. Due: Ten Nights in a Barroom 19.

**CAIRO.**—OPERA HOUSE (Sol. A. Silver, manager): The house was dark last week. Due: Dixey in Adonis 21; Goodyear's Minstrels 28.

## IOWA.

**MUSCATINE.**—TURNER OPERA HOUSE (Barney Schmidt, manager): Hans Albert and Prof. Gahn Concert co. to poor business 15; the co. deserved a good audience. Due: Sam Erwin Ryan 24-26.

**BOONE.**—PHILIPS OPERA HOUSE (C. E. Phillips, manager): The house has been dark since 10. Due: Hudson Eckert Juvenile Opera co. 18, 19; A Postage Stamp Feb. 1.

**SIoux CITY.**—PRINCE OF PEACE OPERA HOUSE (W. I. Buchanan, manager): Pinafore, by local talent, had full houses 15, 16. The stage settings were excellent and the actors really gave a commendable performance. Marie Wall has a well-trained voice and made a charming Josephine, far exceeding some professionals in the same role, although this was her first appearance in opera. Due: John Dillon 23; Boston Symphony Club 26. ELKS: A Lodge of Elks will be instituted here in a few days, a meeting having been called at the Mayor's office for the 19th, for the purpose of taking the final steps.

**OSKALOOSA.**—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (G. N. Beecher, manager): The Mendocino Quintette Club gave a fine entertainment to fair business 8. Due: The Stowaway 21; A Postage Stamp 26; Robert Downing 31.

**KEOKUK.**—OPERA HOUSE (Dr. Craig, manager): The Elks benefit, 18, was a great success. Prof. Barham and daughters, of Hannibal, assisted. Maude Banks, week 12, in repertoire to fair business. She made a decided hit, and her different impersonations were enthusiastically received. Booked: A Postage Stamp 21; Jim the Penman 26; Kinsey's Water Queen 31; Alone in London Feb. 1; Hanlon's Fantasia 8, 9.

**COUNCIL BLUFFS.**—DOHANY OPERA HOUSE (John Dohany, proprietor): The Dohany in Upside Down to good business 11. Due: Alone in London 23.

## INDIANA.

**INDIANAPOLIS.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Dickson and Talbot, managers): Crowded houses were the rule last week. The Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels were greeted 14 by an audience that packed the house from pit to dome. Their performance was very satisfactory. A Brass Monkey 15, 16, did splendid business, although expectations based on Hoyt's former works were not fulfilled by the play. The Yeomen of the Guard 17-19 filled the house at each performance. The opera was not received, however, with the demonstrative delight that has been customary with the works of Gilbert and Sullivan, the reason probably being that the opera is written in a manner more pretentious than their former light and tuneful pieces. Keller 21, 22; T. P. and W. S. Minstrels 23. ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE (Dickson and Talbot, managers): The Hanions 21, 22. PARK THEATRE (Dickson and Talbot, managers): A Soap Bubble did a nice business week 14. The co. is a capable one. This week just in Time. PERSONAL: Jennie Goldthwaite, the dearest society singer in Indianapolis has given to the profession, secured her connection with the Baldwin-Melville Comedy co. and is to star under the management of George Baker of Cincinnati. She will be billed as Goldie.

**VINCENNES.**—OPERA HOUSE (Frank Greene, manager): Murray and Murphy to good business 10. Webster and Brady's She to a full house 16. Co. and scenic effects are fine.

**MT. VERNON.**—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (Myer Rosenbaum, manager): Prof. Gentry and his school of performing dogs gave a good performance to a crowded house 15. The show remained until 25. Due: Casino Opera 20; Baldwin's 21. ITEMS: Manager Rosenbaum is having the Masonic opera House repaired and new scenery painted. When completed we can boast of one of the finest opera houses in southern Indiana. Jacob H. Nickel has sold the Academy of Music to Thos. D. Omer of New Bedford, Ky.

**EVANSVILLE.**—OPERA HOUSE (J. J. Groves, manager): The Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels gave a good entertainment to fair audience 12. She, with

excellent scenic effects, delighted a good house 15. Henry E. Dixey in Adonis 22. APOLLO THEATRE (Jno. Albecker, manager): Weston Bros. in Way of the World to good business 13, 14. Due: Richmond Comedy co. 17-20; Casino Opera co. 21, week.

**LOGANSPORT.**—OPERA HOUSE (William Dolan, manager): Julia Marlowe canceled her date 16. Coming Webster and Brady's She 19. Peck and Furman's U. T. C. 22.

**FORT WAYNE.**—MASONIC TEMPLE (J. H. Simonson, manager): Helen Barry appeared in A Woman's Stratagem to a large and fashionable audience 13. The star and excellent co. were warmly received. Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels to a packed house 15. The first part of an unusual strength and the performance throughout was neat, clean and artistic. Due: Lilly Clay's Burlesque co. 18; The Stowaway 21; A Possible Case Feb. 1.

**SOUTH BEND.**—OLIVER OPERA HOUSE (J. and J. D. Oliver, managers): Julia Marlowe in Twelfth Night came to a packed house 17.

**RICHMOND.**—PHILLIPS' OPERA HOUSE (G. W. Jackson, manager): A large and pleased audience greeted Frederick Bryton in Forgiven 14. Herne's Hearts of Oak 21-23. PERSONAL: J. H. Dobbins, manager of A Soap Bubble co., spent Sunday, 13, with his family in this city.

**MARIION.**—SWEETSER'S OPERA HOUSE (E. L. Kinneman, manager): Robert Downing was to have appeared 17, but changed his date to 26. Prof. F. H. Granger, mesmerist, came 16, 17, and amused good-sized audiences at popular prices. A Soap Bubble 22; Little Nugget 24.

**ANGOLA.**—CARVER'S OPERA HOUSE (Orville Carver, manager): Benton's Lyceum co. 14-16 to fair houses. The pleasing impression of the first nights were marred by unnecessary local allusions. Stevens-Rice Minstrels to standing room only; performance extremely bad.

## KANSAS.

**EMPORIA.**—WHITELY OPERA HOUSE (H. C. Whitely, manager): Runtfrow's Jolly Pathfinders, week 7, at reduced prices; packed houses every night. Band and orchestra good, but rest of entertainment rather weak.

**ARKANSAS CITY.**—FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager): Camilla Urso Concert co. to fair business 9. George T. Ulmer 11, 12 in For Congress and Col. Sellers to small business. Claire Patten co. plays a week engagement 21.

**PARSONS.**—EDWARDS' OPERA HOUSE (L. L. Baird, manager): Beach and Bowers' Minstrels gave a fine performance to good business 12. Booked: A Pair of Kids 26.

**WICHITA.**—CRAWFORD'S OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager): The Clair Patee co. continued engagement 10-12 and produced The Martyr, Widow Redott and Lynwood. This co. is an evenly balanced one and drew good houses all week. Willard Sims is a good comedian and Edith Arnold a capable leading lady.

**WINFIELD.**—WINFIELD GRAND (T. B. Myers, local manager): Clair Patee co. opened a week's engagement 14 in Queen to fair business. A very evenly balanced co.

## KENTUCKY.

**PADUCAH.**—MORTON OPERA HOUSE (John Quigley, proprietor): A. L. Wilber 10, 11, week. Played Two Orphans and other copyrighted plays. They did splendid business at low prices.

## MAINE.

**BANGOR.**—OPERA HOUSE (Frank A. Owen, manager): Stetson Opera co. presented Yeomen of the Guard to large and very fashionable audiences 15, 16.

## MASSACHUSETTS.

**WORCESTER.**—THEATRE (Mrs. Wilkinson, manager): A Legal Wreck is booked for 25-26; Pearl Melville, week 18, at popular prices. THE MUSIC: George H. Batchelder, manager: Patience this week by the Milton Aborn co. Crowded houses every night. The Milton Aborn Opera co. at the Music originally contracted for six weeks, but the business has been so good that twelve more weeks have been contracted for. The co. has been much strengthened within the past two weeks.

**SPRINGFIELD.**—GILMORE OPERA HOUSE (W. C. Le Noir, manager): We are \$100 poorer by S. Alan's visit in Shamrock 15. He is always a very careful, conscientious, but alas, over conventional. Can he never rise above the level of unvarying competency? Stella Tanton is out of her element in lachrymose Irish roles and the balance of the co., Thaddeus Shine and Mattie Ferguson excepted, are not happily cast. Due: Jarbeau 25; Miner's Zitzka co. 26-30.

**FOYER:** Messrs. Willard Spenser, Jake Rosenthal and David Hildwell have my sincere thanks for an invitation to be present at the sixth performance of The Little Tycoon at the latter's Academy at New Orleans 21. Gentlemen, I shall be with you in spirit.

Harry Taylor, one of Forcough's attachés, who killed a drunken spectator in a moment of anger here last June and escaped, was captured at Philadelphia last week. Scanlan was born in this city in the fifties and spent his early days here as office boy and hotel porter, consequently all his old friends turn out and give "Willie" a bumper house whenever he comes and entertain him afterward into the small hours. He sails for Europe April 9; his tour will last about three months. Not a vestige of the play the late Fred. Marsden was supposed to have been writing for Scanlan at the time of the dramatist's death can be found. Manager Piton suggested the framework and paid him \$2,000 in advance.

W. Otis and J. G. McAuley, in advance of Mora, and Adams and Cook, were in town last week. The welcome face of Arthur Aisten, formerly THE MIRROR correspondent at Holyoke but now of Adams and Cook's business staff, has been visible the past few days. Grace Emmett, the star soprano, now with Beacon Lights, is a firm advocate of protection for American actors. By the way, she tells me that she has lately purchased a home for her aged mother at \$4,000 of her savings. Good!—Stage Manager James C. Scanlan, of the Stetson Opera co., has a dog that can be called only by a whistle set to note. Imagine Comedian Burnham, with whom the canine was left, forgetting the call, being obliged to take a card from his pocket, warbling therefrom by note to attract the dog, and you have a very ludicrous incident which actually happened upon our streets lately. Charles F. Fox says he is done with acrobatic work forever but it is hardly likely that he and his wife (Julia Wilson) will continue with Keep It Dark next season. The appearance of Arthur Rehan's co. was the comedy event of the season and a return date is hoped for.

**WESTFIELD.**—OPERA HOUSE (P. W. Howe, manager): Beacon Lights 17; fair business. Due: A Legal Wreck 20; Neil Burgess 21; The Jarlean Comedy co. 22. ORCHESTRA: A very important adjunct to the Opera House is the fine orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. W. C. Alstrom, with Prof. J. J. Allard, formerly of the Haverly Minstrels, as its musical director.

**SOUTH FRAMINGHAM.**—ELMWOOD OPERA HOUSE (G. E. Sanderson, manager): The largest house of the season greeted Dockstader's Minstrels 14. The performance was excellent throughout. An amateur co. to good business 15. Only a Farmer's Daughter had a fair house 17. Next, Parsloe in A Grass Widow. Ristic: One of Dockstader's singers was unable to sing here on account of a bad cold, and one of the natives asked Mr. Dockstader if he did not intend to apologize for the stage.

**FITCHBURG.**—WHITNEY'S OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Dunn, manager): Little Lord Fauntleroy to large and fashionable audiences 12. Little Bella Ross in the title role in the afternoon and Master Edgington in the evening. The Adams and Cook co. are playing to large and delighted audiences this week. Mr. Shea was seen at his best as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and his acting showed strong talent, particularly in the part of Mr. Hyde. He may not be an ideal Dr. Jekyll, but he is a wonderful Mr. Hyde.

**HOLYOKE.**—OPERA HOUSE (Chase Brothers, managers): Rhea in Much Ado About Nothing to a full house 10. The Geo. A. Baker Bennett and Monitron Opera co. is in a repertoire of popular operas 14, 15. LYCEUM THEATRE (France Brothers and Lehr, managers): The Lyceum opened week commencing 14 with a first-class variety comb, including Daisy Mayer, song and dance artist, Billy Burke, Felix and Claxton, Thompson and Bell, and Dockstader and Logan. PERSONAL: Will M. Bell returned from the West Indies and has accepted the position of treasurer of Rhea's co. Arrived in this city, is billing the town for Adams and Cook's co., which will play here Jan. 28 and

week. Mr. Aiston will make his debut as Edmond Dantes in Monte Cristo, with Adams and Cook co., Feb. 7. The co. will tender him a benefit that night.

**MARLBORO.**—MARLBORO THEATRE, (F. W. Riley, manager): Baldwin-Melville co. in repertoire week 14. They were billed to play Two Orphans, but Manager Riley would not permit them. Due: A Grass Widow 26; Stetson Opera co. 31.

**TAUNTON.**—MUSIC HALL (A. B. White, proprietor): Jennie Calef and a fair co. presented An American Princess and Kathleen Mavourneen to small houses 17, 18.

**NORTH ATTLEBORO.**—WANSUTTA OPERA HOUSE (H. B. Davenport, proprietor): H. Perkins' Virginia and Texas Jubilee Singers are due in a sacred concert 25.

**AMESBURY.**—NEW OPERA HOUSE (C. W. Currier, manager): Two Sisters to a good house 14. The scenery was much admired. One of the bravest to good business 15. The fire scene is realistic and the specialties are good.

**NEWBURYPORT.**—CITY HALL (Geo. H. Stevens, agent): Denman Thompson's Two Sisters co. 14th; excellent performance to a good house.

**LOWELL.**—MUSIC HALL (A. V. Partridge, proprietor): The James-Wainwright co. presented Othello 15 to 17. Due: Myra Goodwin 21; Yeomen of the Guard 26. MUSEE: The Mikado packed the house. Jared Linsley and his co. have become great favorites. La Mascotte next week.

**SALEM.**—MECHANICS HALL (Andrews, Monitron and Johnson, managers): One of the bravest drew a large audience, and entertained them very successfully during the entire performance. Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels gave a good performance to a moderate-sized house 15. Myra Goodwin in Sis to a small house 17.

**BROCKTON.**—CITY THEATRE (W. W. Cross, manager): Mora, supported by a good co., in repertoire, to large and well-pleased audiences at popular prices, week 14. Due: A Grass Widow 24; Rhea 26; Roland Reed 31.

**CHELSEA.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (James B. Field, manager): Myra Goodwin in Sis 16. An excellent performance. Coming: Barry and Pay 22.

## MICHIGAN.

**KALAMAZOO.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (J. W. Slocum, manager): Lilly Clay's Gaiety co. had a full house 14. Robert Downing in Spartacus 15 had a good house. Charles Andrews' Michael Stragoff co. had a fair house 17. Julia Marlowe, supported by Charles Barron, gave Ingomar before a good-sized audience 19.

**JACKSON.**—HUBBARD OPERA HOUSE (Fred Pelton, manager): Zozo to good business 11. Co. and scenery good. Shadows of a Great City to fair business 12. MacCollin Opera co. opened a week's engagement in La Mascotte to a large house 14. MANAGERIAL: Manager Fred Pelton left 14 to go in advance of the Tavernier Dramatic co. He carries with him the best wishes of his numerous friends in this city and also a gold-headed cane presented him by the employees of the Opera House. He will be succeeded by Mr. Redmond, of the same co.

**PORT HURON.**—CITY OPERA HOUSE (L. A. Sherman, manager): R. H. Baird Dramatic co. week 14. In Forget and Forgive and Rip Van Winkle to good houses. Mr. Baird's Rip has been highly commended.

**BATTLE CREEK.**—HAMBLEN'S OPERA HOUSE (J. W. Slocum, manager): Robert Downing in Spartacus 14 to large and highly pleased audience. Lilly Clay's Colossal Gaiety co. 15; a large and well-pleased audience. Rice and Shepard's Minstrels, a return engagement, to a good house 17.

**ANN ARBOR.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (A. J. Sawyer, manager): Rice and Shepard's Minstrels to good business 16; entertainment good. Lilly Clay's Gaiety co. 17; a large house. Due: Minnet Carnival co. 22.

**IONIA.**—OPERA HOUSE (K. R. Smith, manager): Robert Downing as Spartacus to enthusiastic audience 17; house packed. Due: Mrs. Scott-Siddons 21.

**BAY CITY.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Clay, Buckley and Powers, managers): T. J. Farron in Help 14; good business. Rice and Shepard's Minstrels 15; fair patronage and exceptionally good entertainment. Michael Stragoff 16; Minnie Madden 23.

**YPSILANTI.**—OPERA HOUSE (S. Draper, manager): Stevens and Rice's Minstrels 21; small house. Lilly Clay's Gaiety co. 26; large house. Due: Minnet Carnival co. 22.

**FLINT.**—MUSIC HALL (H. E. Thayer, manager): T. J. Farron in Help was greeted by a small but well-pleased audience 16.

**EAST SAGINAW.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Clay, Buckley and Powers, managers): Rice and Shepard's Minstrels played to a large house 14, giving an exceptionally good performance. T. J. Farron in Help 15; good business. Mr. Farron's versatility was displayed with strong effect, and his support was in every way commendable. Due: James O'Neill 20.

## MINNESOTA.

**ST. PAUL.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (L. N. Scott, manager): Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence in repertoire last week. Their popularity in St. Paul was attested by a large attendance of first-class audiences throughout the engagement, and the very complimentary and hearty reception tendered them. The new play, Heart of Hearts, took well. The support is excellent. Mrs. E. L. Davenport sustained her role admirably. Marion Russell, Annie Mayer and Margaret Fitzpatrick are attractive and clever in their roles. Messrs. Cooper, Pittsman, Montaine, Verance and Herbert do good work. The engagement gave general satisfaction. Helen Barry week 21. PEOPLE'S THEATRE (L. W. Walker, manager): A Celebrated Case was produced by the home co. with great success last week. It is a strong play. Mr. Lippman's Jean Renaud was a capital piece of acting, and heartily applauded. Miss Young as Adrienne gave a fine impersonation. Miss Le Baron as Valentine de Mornay made a success. Mr. Stanley made a hit as Dennis O'Rourke. The play was finely given throughout and the co. well deserved the generous applause accorded. OLYMPIA THEATRE (W. J. Wells, manager): Bella Gordon's Barlesque co. produced the burlesque, The Magic Lamp, in fine style last week, giving an attractive performance and a good olio of specialties and sketches. Excellent week's business.

**STILLWATER.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (E. M. Durant, manager): The Cecilia Opera Co., of Minneapolis, presented Patience 15 to a large house, about a hundred visitors coming from St. Paul and Minneapolis. The opera was very well rendered. M. C. Koman appeared in the leading role while Burnthorne was given by Mr. Flournoy. The whole performance was a success. Boston Star Dramatic and Concert co. 28.

**MINNEAPOLIS.**—Joseph Murphy opened a week's engagement at the Grand to a fair house 14.

## MISSISSIPPI.

**VICKSBURG.**—OPERA HOUSE (Piazza and Co., managers): House dark this week. Booked: Marie Prescott and R. D. McLean 22; Spenser's Little Tycoon Opera co. 29.

**JACKSON.**—ROBINSON'S OPERA HOUSE (Dreyfus and Evans, managers): Jules Graun's Opera co. to good business and satisfaction 14, 15.

**ABERDEEN.**—TEMPLE OPERA HOUSE (R. L. Hall, manager): Temple Opera co. came 10-13 and matinee to good business. The performance was quite satisfactory.

**GREENVILLE.**—GREENVILLE OPERA HOUSE (J. Alexander, manager): Due: Effie Elliser 17; Prescott-McLean canceled. Booked: Lillian Lewis 31; Bostonian Club Feb. 1.

## MISSOURI.

**KANSAS CITY.**—WARDER GRAND OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager): The presentation this week of the new opera, The King's Fool, by the Cornet opera co. was a decided success both in financial way and in the production. As a comic opera it is something out of the usual line of comic operas of today, being free from all the light, trashy parts. The stage settings are the finest that have been here this season. W. H. Fitzgerald as Corillan, the King's Fool, Ada Glasca and Miss Palford as Felisa, and Helen Bertram as Prince Jussuf deserved the applause that they received. The Viceroy's Fencers are very fine, and as a whole the opera succeeded in giving entire satisfaction. The co. will play for a week in Minneapolis, when they will go for an extended trip on the Pacific Coast. The Boston Symphony Club 27. COATES' OPERA HOUSE (M. H.



Hudson, manager): For three nights commencing 14, the Daly Bros. turned things upside down to the satisfaction of everybody, doing a fair business. They were followed by The Stowaway co. for three nights. Jim the Penman 21.—NINTH STREET OPERA HOUSE (A. Judah, manager): Little Corinne in Monte Cristo, Jr., played to crowded houses 14 week, giving excellent satisfaction. The S. R. O. sign was seen once or twice during the week. Daly's Vacation 21; Peck's Bad Boy 28.—GILL'S OPERA HOUSE (Hudson and Thomas, managers): The Water Queen, Bolosky Kiraly's new spectacular, held the boards 14 week, to good business. Theatre-goers will easily recognize a revision of the Nalad Queen, with finer costumes, new faces and an astonishing amount of scenic effects, of which too much praise cannot be given. Siberia next.—PUNTERS: Dixey drew the largest houses since the Booth and Barrett attraction here, when the Warder Grand was tested to its capacity.—The city this week has its share of the profession. It is estimated that there are 25 professionals here, and that it took 11,000 posters, 4,000 lithographs and 1,000 pounds of flour to advertise them.—The Emma Abbott co. left here last Wednesday to fill their engagement in Memphis 21.—The Newmarket did a large business for its opening week.—Miss Paleford alternated with Ada Glanc as Felice in The King's Fool. It was her second week on the stage.

HANOVER, PARK OPERA HOUSE (Watson and Price, managers): Goodyear's Minstrels gave a first-class entertainment to a big house 15. Stetson's U. T. C. co. 15; Jim the Penman 24; Daly's Vacation 29.

ST. JOSEPH.—TOOTLE'S OPERA HOUSE (R. S. Douglas, manager): The Stowaway drew three crowded houses 11, 12. Due: Hera Kendall 11; Bolosky Kiraly 23; John A. Stevens 26; Linda Evans 28. 15.—ORFÈRE: The New Grand will be opened 21 by a company presenting The Private Secretary. Wonder if Mr. Gillette or Mr. Palmer sanction the use of their trade marks?

SEDALIA.—OPERA HOUSE (H. W. Wood, manager): Austin's Australian Novelty co. to reasonably good attendance 16, 17.

#### NEBRASKA.

NEBRASKA CITY.—OPERA HOUSE (W. B. Sloan, manager): A Pair of Kids to fair business 14, somewhat disappointed the audience. John Dillon crowded the house 17, giving excellent satisfaction.—TRUTH: Mr. Kendall, in speaking of THE MIRROR, said it was the only dramatic paper published in America.

LINCOLN.—PUNK'S OPERA HOUSE (Crawford and McKeown, managers): Daly's co. returned 21 and presented the boldest and athletic Vacation to a fair house. F. C. Bangs and co. presented Jim the Penman for the first time in 14, 15; good play and splendid co. and good business in spite of stormy weather. In the facial expression of fear and remorse Mr. Bangs is strikingly real. Miss May Brooklyn as Nina, Hardee Kirkland as Captain Redwood, and Benj. W. Singer as Jack Balston deserve special mention.—PEOPLE'S THEATRE (R. A. Bowers, manager): Hera Kendall in A Pair of Kids, with fair support, did good business 21 at advanced prices. Helen Minkley and co. opened week's engagement 21 in Man and Master.

FREMONT.—LOVE OPERA HOUSE (Robert McKeown, manager): House dark. Coming: Hudson's Kidnapped Juvenile Opera co. 28.

OMAHA.—OPERA HOUSE (Thomas F. Boyd, manager): The Bostonians to large and cultured audience 21, 22. A series of misfortunes marred what would otherwise have been a most delightful engagement. The certain did not rise until 7, 8, the opening night, and owing to indisposition of several leading members the bills for both the matinee and Saturday night performances were changed. There is really such a thing as seeing too much of Patsy. Due: The Florences 21-23.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Crawford and McKeown, managers): Bolosky Kiraly's Jim the Penman continued its financial success until the close of the engagement 24. May Brooklyn seems to have mastered the part of Nina to perfection. Gillette's Private Secretary opened to a small but highly amused audience 14.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MANCHESTER.—MANCHESTER OPERA HOUSE (E. W. Harrington, manager): Little Lord Fauntleroy drew two immense audiences 14, 15. The co. was excellent and gave the best of satisfaction.

PORTSMOUTH.—MUSIC HALL (John O. Ayers, manager): Little Lord Fauntleroy was presented to a large house 17 and gave good satisfaction. A return engagement is to be filled at an early date.

NASHUA.—THEATRE (A. H. Davis, manager): Little Lord Fauntleroy drew a large audience at advanced prices 14.

#### NEW JERSEY.

TRENTON.—TAYLOR OPERA HOUSE (John Taylor, manager): Good houses were presented at the Hudson's Blind performances 14-16. The play and co. gave excellent satisfaction. Due: Rosina Vokes 21; One of the Bravest 24.

ELIZABETH.—TEMPLE OPERA HOUSE (A. H. Simonds, manager): Sol Smith Russell in A Poor Relation to a large house and an enthusiastic audience 14. Mr. Russell is a favorite here. His supporting co. in very good. Due: Mrs. Allen Singer, 21; Parlor Match 24; Bennett and Monton's Opera co. 28 week.

#### NEW YORK.

BUFFALO.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (George Broca, manager): A. M. Palmer's co. in Jim the Penman did excellent business 14-16. The co., which included Ada Dyes, Harry Bytting and Clarence Handysides was an admirable one. The World Against Her, Kate Claxton's latest, filled out the week. Due: Coghlan 21.—THE GREAT THEATRE (David Shady, manager): Last week America's Finest was seen by fair-sized audiences. Lewis Morrison and Frederick Bryton this week.—THE CORNELL LYCEUM (Jacobs and Kimball, managers): Edwin Arden made a great success with his new piece, Barred Out. Very large audiences ruled during the engagement. Howard Kicks follows.—THE GREAT STREET THEATRE (H. R. Jacobs, manager): Irish Abundances, in which Gibson and Ryan furnish the amusement, was pretty well patronized week of 14; Shaffer and Blakely next.—MUSEUM: Prof. Morris' Equine Paradox made such a hit that it remains this week.—ADELPHI: Gus Hill's Novelty co., a very good one, too, week. May Howard's Specialty co. opened 21.

COWARD.—OPERA HOUSE (J. E. Van Dusen, manager): George M. Wood in Jekyll and Hyde to a small but well pleased audience 14. Mr. Wood in the dual role was very fine. Marguerite St. John was effective as Florence Jekyll. The supporting co. is fair. Due: Hilarity 21.

HUDSON.—OPERA HOUSE (E. Waldron, manager): The Bandit King drew a good house 14. Due: Nora, 21, week.

PLATTSBURG.—MUSIC HALL (M. Lee Rockwell, manager): Bolosky Kiraly's co. No. 2 held a grand fair, with amateur entertainments, nightly, week commencing 14, to crowded houses. Due: J. A. Sawtelle Comedy co., week, 21.

LOCKPORT.—HODGE OPERA HOUSE (J. R. Heintz, manager): Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde to a light house 14. G. M. Wood in the title dual role was very good. Due: Hellen and Hart, 21.

ROME.—SINE'S OPERA HOUSE (E. J. Matson, manager): Walter's Comedy co. 14, week, to big business. This co. carries a fine orchestra. Geo. M. Wood's co. in Jekyll and Hyde is due 21.

TROY.—BAND'S OPERA HOUSE (E. Smith Strait, manager): R. B. Mantell and his splendid co. in Monarchs 15, 16, to large houses. Haverly's Minstrels, 28; Held by the Enemy, 30-31.—GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): The Golden Giant Mine proved a strong attraction as presented by Mrs. McKee Randolph with capable support. We, Us & Co., 14, week. The Castle King, 21, week.

SYRACUSE.—WITTING OPERA HOUSE (P. H. Lehman, manager): The Twelve Temptations appeared to big business 14-16. Sothen in Lord Chumley delighted large audiences 17-19. Due: Rosina Vokes 21-23; Gus Williams 24-26.—ALHAMBRA THEATRE (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): Keep It Dark to fair attendance 14-16. W. T. Bryant was funny as Jasper Vanhook. The new top-heavy house greeted J. H. Wallick's Cattle King 17-19. Due: Joe J. Sullivan 21-23; Over the Garden Wall 24-26.

UTICA.—OPERA HOUSE (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): James H. Wallick 14-16 in The Castle King and Bandit King to good business. En-

tire satisfaction. Keep It Dark opened to a fine house 17. W. T. Bryant is certainly a good comedian. Support good. Booked: Frank I. Payne 21-23; Under the Lash 24-26.

ELMIRA.—OPERA HOUSE (W. E. Bardwell, manager): The Ladies Quartette of Elmira, assisted by the New York Philharmonic Club, satisfied a fair audience 16. Gus Williams in Keppeler's Fortunes 17, to only fair business. The performance was excellent. The Elmira Amateur Opera co. will give a concert 24, 25, for the benefit of the industrial school.—MADISON AVENUE THEATRE (G. V. Smith, manager): Al G. Field's Minstrels 14; good business and everybody satisfied. Two Old Cronies to a large and highly pleased audience 17. One of the best musical comedy co. on the road. Due: T. J. Farron 21.

NEWBURGH.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (A. Stanley Wood, manager): A White Slave to a good house 15. Zig-Zag to satisfactory business 17. Due: Charles T. Ellis 21; Rosina Vokes 24; Two Old Cronies 26; Tin Soldier 31.—OLD OPERA HOUSE (M. D. Dickey, manager): Ethel Tucker co. all last week to fair business.

LYONS.—PARSHALL MEMORIAL HALL (E. J. Matson, manager): Gus Williams 21.

OSWEGO.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Wallace H. Frisby, manager): Coming: Walter's Comedy co., 21, week.

AUBURN.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (E. J. Matson, manager): Francesca Redding opened a week's engagement 14, drawing good houses. Coming: Gus Williams 21; Haverly's Minstrels 24.

ITHACA.—OPERA HOUSE (H. L. Hilgus, manager): Walter's Comedy co. week of 7, to fair houses. Dan Darcy to good business 14. Due: Sidney North 21; week. Lodge's Hilarity 24; C. A. Gardner 30; Field's Minstrels 31.

SENECA FALLS.—DANIEL'S OPERA HOUSE (E. J. Matson, manager): James C. Rouch in Dan Darcy to a large and fashionable audience 15. Gorman's Minstrels had a top-heavy house 19. Francesca Redding week 21.

PENNYMAN.—OPERA HOUSE (George R. Cornell, manager): Montague-Turner Opera co. in Maritana 16 to small but highly pleased audience. Due: Gorman's Minstrels 21; Frances Lebad 25.

MATTEWAVAN.—DIBBLE OPERA HOUSE (W. S. Dibble, proprietor): The Edwin Lawrence co. opened their season 15, presenting The Danicheffa. A few more rehearsals are necessary. Grace Hilton as the Princess was very good, and was highly complimented by local papers.

POUGHKEEPSIE.—COLLINGSWOOD OPERA HOUSE (E. B. Sweet, manager): Baker's Bennett-Monton Opera co. played a big engagement last week. The following operas were given to good business: War of the Roses, Robert Macaire, Merry Boccaccio, The Hussar and Bohemian Girl. Marie Greenwood is the prima donna and the co. includes Irene Murphy, Minnie Sharp, Jas. Armand, J. B. Richard, William Wolff and Chas. Bigelow. Miss Greenwood made a favorable impression by her charming manner, clever acting and sweet singing. She was many admirers and has a bright future before her. Irene Murphy has improved in every way, and made a hit. Balance of the co. was competent, notably Messrs. Richard and Armand. Evans and Hoey in A Parlor Match 24. Chas. T. Ellis in Caper the Yodler 26.—MANAGERIAL: Geo. A. Baker is acting as his own manager this season. W. D. Nicholls, his personal assistant, is a thoroughly capable young man. This is his third season with the B. and M. Opera co.

#### OHIO.

DATTON.—THE GRAND (Reist and Dickson, managers): A Brass Monkey drew a large audience 14 and gave unlimited satisfaction. The "skit" is by far the best Hoyt has turned out since the Rag Baby, and is certainly destined to a long run. Charles Reed as Jonah made an instantaneous hit. The co. before her. Irene Murphy has improved in every way, and made a hit. Balance of the co. was competent, notably Messrs. Richard and Armand. Evans and Hoey in A Parlor Match 24. Chas. T. Ellis in Caper the Yodler 26.—MANAGERIAL: Geo. A. Baker is acting as his own manager this season. W. D. Nicholls, his personal assistant, is a thoroughly capable young man. This is his third season with the B. and M. Opera co.

PORTSMOUTH.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. S. Grimes, manager): The Rose Life co., booked for 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

PORTSMOUTH.—ANDER OPERA HOUSE (W. P. Howell, manager): Held by the Enemy to a full house 14; play and co. gave entire satisfaction. Lewis Morrison in Faust 14; very fine entertainment.

LANCASTER.—CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE (Frank Hart, manager): Henderson, McKeown and Love's Minstrels to good business 14. Estelle Clayton in The Quick or the Dead to a fair house 15. Due: Hungarian Quartette 21.

URBANA.—BENNETT'S OPERA HOUSE (P. R. Bennett, Jr., manager): The Melville Dramatic co. 21 closed a week's engagement to the largest audience ever gathered in this house. A portion of the audience being crowded on the stage between the wings. Barlow Brothers' Minstrels pleased their patrons 19. Capt. Crawford in Bonds 21. The audience was very enthusiastic, and pronounced Bonds to be the cream of frontier dramas.—SOUTHERN.—Capt. Crawford presented THE MIRROR correspondent with a splendid photograph, which was added to a collection of stage celebrities.

EAST LIVERPOOL.—BRUNT'S OPERA HOUSE (Thompson and Way, managers): House dark last week. Due: The World Against Her 21; Rhonda Glen 24; Jekyll and Hyde 29.

DEFIANCE.—MYERS OPERA HOUSE (Myers and Viera, managers): George Ober in Jekyll and Hyde 21 to a poor house; co. indifferent.

WELLSVILLE.—COOPER OPERA HOUSE (Wade and Hamilton, managers): The Harvard Quartette, assisted by Carrie G. Hall, opened their Western tour of ten weeks here, and gave a fine entertainment to a large house 14. Evelyn Foster in In His Power 17. A strong play and a first-class co. Good business.

KENTON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. Dickson, manager and proprietor): Hardie and Von Lee's On the Frontier pleased a crowded house 15. Coming: Sparks Brothers' Australian Specialty and Novelty co. 21. Barlow Brothers' Minstrels 24.

MIDDLETOWN.—BUJO OPERA HOUSE: Frederick Bryton in Forgiven to a fair house 14. Booked: Held by the Enemy 21.

TOLEDO.—WHEELER OPERA HOUSE (S. W. Brady, manager): George Ober in Jekyll and Hyde drew fair houses 14-16. The Henry Cleveland Minstrels to a packed house 17. Jim the Penman to good houses 18, 19.—PEOPLE'S: Ruben Glue to packed houses. Johnnie Prindle is a clever comedian, although his dialect is a little tiresome. The support is above the average. Miss Radcliffe, who plays Lady Arlington and Clara Winter, is a finished actress, and we doubt if she can see her in some character that would afford her more chance.

ASHTABULA.—SMITH'S OPERA HOUSE (L. W. Smith and Son, managers): The Centennial Jubilee Singers gave an interior concert 14. Business very poor. Due: Fisher's Cold Day co. 15; Our Picnic 22.

WAPAKONETA.—TIMMERMEISTER OPERA HOUSE (C. W. Timmermeister, manager): Frederick Bryton, supported by a good co., played to a well-filled house 16. Due: Barlow Brothers' Minstrel co. 19.

BELLAIRE.—ELYSIAN OPERA HOUSE (T. C. Cochran, manager): A packed house witnessed True Irish Hearts 14, and play was enthusiastically received, and audience went home delighted with entertainment.

CANTON.—SCHAFER'S OPERA HOUSE (Louis Schaefer, manager): In spite of rainy night and counter attractions, a large audience was present at the Opera House and Hyde by Dore Davidson and his co. The play was well staged and in every particular a good one. Mr. Davidson in the dual role gave a successful portrayal of the characters, and was especially praised by Ramie Austen as Winifred. The balance of the co. was good. A co. advertising Hearn's Hearts of Oak held the boards 17. The performance was very poor and much below the expectation of the large audience present.

UPPER SANDUSKY.—OPERA HOUSE (John W. Lina, manager): The Fireman's Ward to packed house, under the auspices of the City Fire Department.

ment 15. General dissatisfaction. The Australian Specialty and Minstrel co. to good business 14. The musical and specialty part of the entertainment gave entire satisfaction.

LESTONIA.—FORNEY'S OPERA HOUSE (M. T. Forney, manager): Peck and Purnman's U. T. C. co. filled the house 11 and gave satisfaction. Haverly, West and Moehler's Star Specialty co. 21, 22; Fisher's Cold Day co. 24; Henderson, McKeown and Love's Minstrels 25.

CARROLLTON.—OPERA HOUSE (Helfrich and Fredericks, managers): Babel and Albert's Congress of Stars and Comedy co. to large business 14-16. A. O. Babel, the cowboy pianist, is proprietor and manager of this co., which includes Harry Albert, a clever juggler, and Jerome and Clark, comedians.—HYMENEAL: Harry Albert and Carl, comedians, of the Babel co. were married on the stage night of 18 by Mayor De Ford, of this city.

CHILLICOTHE.—CLOUGH GRAND OPERA HOUSE (McCormell and Emmett, managers): A Hole in the Ground played to standing-room only 14. To say that it pleased was putting it mildly, as the audience was kept in a roar of laughter from start to finish. Due: Fred. Bryton in Forgiven 19.—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (E. Kaufman, manager): Kate Bensberg to good business 17. Miss Bensberg is becoming very popular here. Prosperity: All co. are doing well here now, theatrical business being very good.

YOUNGSTOWN.—OPERA HOUSE (W. W. McKeown, manager): Nye and Riley held the boards before a full house 14. A large audience saw Jim the Penman 17. Despite its improbabilities the play was greatly enjoyed. Seldom is a co. seen here with so many good actors among them: Joseph Whiting, Clarence Handysides, Harry Eyring, Evelyn Campbell and Jennie Eustice. Charles A. Gardner in Fatherland to a good audience 19. A clean, light play from the breezy Tyrol.—BIJOU: The Graham-Earle co., worthy of good houses, played all the week against stronger counter attractions to paying business in a series of well selected plays.—ITEM: J. G. Scorer and J. Ed. Leslie have leased and refitted the Park Theatre of New Castle. We wish them success.

SANDUSKY.—BEMILLER'S OPERA HOUSE (Rutter and Iiz, managers): Julia Marlowe to small but enthusiastic audience 16. Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels to packed house 18. Little Nugget co. to fair business only 19.

HAMILTON.—MUSIC HALL (Hartfield and Morner, managers): Frederic Bryton to fair house 12. A Hole in the Ground to a crowded house 16. Due: Lilly Clay's Gaiety co. 19; Hearn's Hearts of Oak 21; J. C. Stevens' co. 23.—STEVENS' FASHION 26; J. C. Stevens' co. 29.—STEVENS' FASHION 32; J. C. Stevens' co. 35.—STEVENS' FASHION 38; J. C. Stevens' co. 41.—STEVENS' FASHION 44; J. C. Stevens' co. 47.—STEVENS' FASHION 50; J. C. Stevens' co. 53.—STEVENS' FASHION 56; J. C. Stevens' co. 59.—STEVENS' FASHION 62; J. C. Stevens' co. 65.—STEVENS' FASHION 68; J. C. Stevens' co. 71.—STEVENS' FASHION 74; J. C. Stevens' co. 77.—STEVENS' FASHION 80; J. C. Stevens' co. 83.—STEVENS' FASHION 86; J. C. Stevens' co. 89.—STEVENS' FASHION 92; J. C. Stevens' co. 95.—STEVENS' FASHION 98; J. C. Stevens' co. 101.—STEVENS' FASHION 104; J. C. Stevens' co. 107.—STEVENS' FASHION 110; J. C. Stevens' co. 113.—STEVENS' FASHION 116; J. C. Stevens' co. 119.—STEVENS' FASHION 122; J. C. Stevens' co. 125.—STEVENS' FASHION 128; J. C. 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Stevens' co. 1013.—STEVENS' FASHION 1016; J. C. Stevens' co. 1019.—STEVENS' FASHION 1022; J. C. Stevens' co. 1025.—STEVENS' FASHION 1028; J. C. Stevens' co. 1031.—STEVENS' FASHION 1034; J. C. Stevens' co. 1037.—STEVENS' FASHION 1040; J. C. Stevens' co. 1043.—STEVENS' FASHION 1046; J. C. Stevens' co. 1049.—STEVENS' FASHION 1052; J. C. Stevens' co. 1055.—STEVENS' FASHION 1058; J. C. Stevens' co. 1061.—STEVENS' FASHION 1064; J. C. Stevens' co. 1067.—STEVENS' FASHION 1070; J. C. Stevens' co. 1073.—STEVENS' FASHION 1076; J. C. Stevens' co. 1079.—STEVENS' FASHION 1082; J. C. Stevens' co. 1085.—STEVENS' FASHION 1088; J. C. Stevens' co. 1091.—STEVENS' FASHION 1094; J. C. Stevens' co. 1097.—STEVENS' FASHION 1100; J. C. Stevens' co. 1103.—STEVENS' FASHION 1106; J. C. Stevens' co. 1109.—STEVENS' FASHION 1112; J. C. Stevens' co. 1115.—STEVENS' FASHION 1118; J. C. Stevens' co. 1121.—STEVENS' FASHION 1124; J. C. Stevens' co. 1127.—STEVENS' FASHION 1130; J. C. Stevens' co. 1133.—STEVENS' FASHION 1136; J. C. Stevens' co. 1139.—STEVENS' FASHION 1142; J. C. Stevens' co. 1145.—STEVENS' FASHION 1148; J. C. Stevens' co.











## MORE RESPONSES.

The appeal made to the profession by THE DRAMATIC MIRROR to join the Actors' Fund continues to meet with gratifying response. Last week we printed the names of five professionals who had qualified as life members and one as an annual member. We are glad to say that this week there is a greater harmony in the proportions of the two classes of associations.

Since our last issue these stars have sent in \$50 apiece and become life members:

MILK RHEA,  
M. S. WOOD.

Following are the ladies and gentlemen who have joined the Fund and paid one year's dues in advance:

DAVEY ANDREWS,  
BRISTOW ALDRIDGE,  
GRACE SHERWOOD,  
W. WALCOTT MARKS,  
MAI ESTELLE,  
FRANK A. HOWSON,  
HENRY LAMBERT,  
ROBERT AULD,  
WILLIAM BRUGMAN,  
ALFRED D. FOHS,  
WALTER ROGERS,  
VINCENTO PALMIERI.

These twelve names make a good showing, but we hope to distance it next week. Every actor, manager and agent who receives a salary or makes a profit by his vocation owes a duty to himself and the sick and unfortunate among his brethren to pay four cents a week toward the support of the Fund, which is all that membership in it costs annually.

Remember, the payment of \$50 makes you a member of the Fund for life. To join on the footing of a yearly member costs \$2 every twelvemonth.

In connection with this matter we have received several encouraging letters. Milk Rhea in sending her cheque writes:

It is with the greatest sympathy that I respond to your appeal. If there is a charity that should find an echo in every woman's heart it is the one to which you are devoting your worthy efforts. I wish you every success.

N. S. Wood says:

Accept my cheque for \$50 that I may attain to the proud title of life member of the Actors' Fund of America. At the same time accept my sincere desire for the growth and prosperity of the Fund and my assurance that I am with it first, last and foremost.

Grace Sherwood writes:

The article I read in last week's MIRROR has recalled me to my sense of duty, which nothing but negligence has prevented me from remembering long ago. I wish I was in a position to become a life member, but maybe I shall be some day.

Fred. Vaughan, stage manager of The Thrown Upon the World company, says:

I beg to enclose \$5. Please enroll me as a member. Did circumstances permit, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to become a life member. Later I hope to have that felicity.

Here are good examples to emulate. Fall into the ranks!

## PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

The Harbor Lights company is resting this week. Next week it will close its season with a fortnight's engagement at Niblo's.

A CHILDREN'S entertainment will be given at the Bijou to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon.

The advent of English theatrical companies in this country has brought up the question of providing tempting little lunches for the actors and actresses during their intervals off the stage in performances or between the acts. In the English theatres there are always little stores convenient to the theatre where cornucopias of fried fish and potatoes, "whisks" (a species of small shellfish), or even stewed rabbit can be obtained for a few pennies.

KELLAR comes to Dockstader's next Monday night.

AFTER the matinee of the Yeoman of the Guard at the Casino on Saturday the company assembled on the stage and, through Rudolph Aronson, presented Richard Barber, the English stage manager, with a handsome dressing case.

A NEW car to carry the fire department scene in The Still Alarm is now being built by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

FLORENCE ROBERTS, who has been leading lady of Lewis Morrison's company for the past two seasons, will shortly resign from that organization. Miss Roberts is the clever actress that took Kate Forsythe's place at the Baldwin Theatre in San Francisco during the run of Clito.

THE Opera House at Steubenville, O., belongs to that city, and the Common Council recently ordered that some of the private boxes be made into dressing-rooms and that the dressing-rooms be renovated and refurnished. Steubenville's Solons are up to the requirements of the times and contrast very strongly with that jay town in Michigan, where the City Council plays the role of the robber barons of old.

THE Grand Opera House at St. Paul, Minn., was destroyed by fire on last Monday morning. The Opera House originally cost \$300,000 and recently was refitted at an expense of \$200,000. The insurance is about \$75,000. The Grand was the leading high-class theatre in St. Paul. The Helen Barry company were to have opened for a week at the Grand. They obtained another house.

SAM YOUNG, manager of the Melville Dramatic company, lost his infant son at Mt. Vernon, O., on Thursday last. The remains were interred at Terre Haute.

THEODORE MOSS does not intend that the Star Theatre shall be allowed to fall behind the times. After the season is finished a number of improvements will be made behind the curtain. The roof over the stage is to be elevated twenty-five feet in order that the largest drops can be hoisted without "tripping." Electric lighting apparatus will be put in and incandescent lights used in front and behind. These and other changes are greatly needed, for the mechanical and scenic equipment of this house has long been a source of complaint from visiting stars. The dressing-rooms might as well be improved, while Mr. Moss is about it, for they are inconvenient, old-fashioned and uncomfortable. Mr. Burnham, who will remain the business manager, has already booked some strong attractions for next season, including Joseph Jefferson, Shenandoah, W. H. Crane in Henry IV.; Modjeska, Davenport, Rose Coghlan, W. J. Scanlan and the Kendals.

CHARLES E. VERNER will shortly tour Canada, where he is especially popular. His trip through the Northwest is reported to have been highly profitable.

W. N. LAWRENCE has resigned his position as treasurer and representative of Dore Davidson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde company.

On account of the illness of Payson Mackaye, J. Edwin Leonard is now playing the light comedy part in The World Against Her. He assumed it with half a day's notice.

SAM MEYERS, the treasurer of Dixey's Adonis company, was presented by that organization on last Tuesday with a handsome black diamond stud. The presentation speech was made by Dixey, and was felicitously humorous.

JOHN SAUNDERS and Pearl Emmet, the former a well-known comedian and the latter a pretty little sourette, have joined forces in order to produce on the vaudeville stage the new sketch, A Summer Snap, which was written for them by Herbert Hall Winslow.

A BENEFIT will be given to the veteran, Max Matretek, on Feb. 22, in honor of his 60th anniversary as a musical conductor.

AMONG the greatest sufferers by the collapse of the Rose Lisle company at Parkersburg, W. Va., recently, was Mrs. Paige, of Philadelphia, who was accompanied by a bright little child. Mayor Camden, of Parkersburg, gave her a pass to Wheeling, and some charitable women of the former place then raised a purse of \$50 and the balance of her fare to Pittsburg, where Mrs. Paige had a chance to obtain an engagement.

THE Clair-Patee company recently presented Queena during a week's engagement at Winfield, Kansas. Queena and Lynwood are the copyrighted property of J. K. Tillotson, who will hold local managers responsible for any infringement of his rights in these plays.

THE Ida Kennedy Comedy company collapsed at Hillsboro, Ohio, Jan. 15.

SIGNOR TOMASI has succeeded Edward Poels as musical director of the Conried Opera company, while F. L. Hartman has taken Frank David's place as comedian. The company opens in San Francisco on March 4 for three weeks.

## Card to Managers.

As Mr. Scanlan closes his season in April to make his European tour, I shall be disengaged after April 1, and offer my services to:

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### WHAT THE NEW YORK PAPERS SAY:

The scent of the heather is on Myles Aroon. It sparkles with wit as the dew dripping copse glances under the matin sun. Through its scenes there flows an air sweet, refreshing as that rising from the clover-flecked meadows at eventide.—*Herald*.

Mr. Scanlan as Myles Aroon made an interesting young Irish peasant, and succeeded in pleasing a large audience.—*World*.

Few of our so-called Irish dramas are more entertaining or more promising of popular success than Myles Aroon. W. J. Scanlan, who is seen in the title role as a star, has already won fame on the stage. His talents and accomplishments have never appeared to better advantage than in this play.—*Times*.

Mr. William J. Scanlan, the Irish actor, produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre

last evening his new play, Myles Aroon. The house was crowded from top to bottom, and loud applause, hearty laughter, and not a few genuine Irish whoops attested the success of the new play.—*Sun*.

In the title role of Myles Aroon, an Irish drama in four acts by George H. Jessop and Horace Townsend, Mr. W. J. Scanlan was accorded a most flattering welcome by a large

audience at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night. The play, with its bright flashes of Irish wit, pleased the audience intensely.—*Press*.

Myles Aroon is in four acts, and affords Mr. Scanlan an excellent opportunity to display his ability as a delineator of youthful Irish character and to sing several taking songs, which were encored several times and which promise to become popular.—*Journal*.

## MR. SCANLAN'S EUROPEAN TOUR.

Mr. Scanlan will close his present season at the Globe Theatre, Boston, April 6, and open in Liverpool with his entire company April 22, playing an extended tour of England, Ireland and Scotland, returning in time to open his next season at the Star Theatre, New York.

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